

DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

No. 24.

DECEMBER.

1863.

LLOYD PENNANT, A TALE OF THE WEST.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE return of post brought Mike a reply, covering one letter for Kate, and another for her uncle, on whom a subpoena was subsequently served, to enforce his attendance at the forthcoming trial, as a witness—and thus secure his personal safety, should any attempt be made to arrest him, under the attachment obtained in the Chancery suit. In Pennant's letter to Kate he explained the reasons which had actuated his hitherto inexplicable conduct—"while the brand of felony remained imprinted on his father's memory, he did not dare approach her, personally or by written communications—nor would his love have permitted him to make her the partner of an inherited disgrace—but now, that the innocence of his unfortunate parent was certain, and about to be established in the face of day—he waited not the legal decision regarding his property before he demanded the fulfilment of her solemn promise to become his wife." It was inconsistent with Kate's character for candour and honesty to trifle with such sentiments—she frankly, but most modestly, avowed her continued and unaltered affection—and the only difficulty she raised was one which, as a matter of course, had not the least influence on her lover. She detailed to him the sad change in her worldly prospects—informed him, that she was now absolutely penniless—and that her only doubt was, if she should be justified in incumbering him with a dowerless wife, and thus, perhaps, ruin his professional advancement, in the event of a legal decision, hostile to his interests, being the result of the approaching trial. She, therefore, set him free of his engagement, if his inclination led him to wish, or his interests required it—"but she begged him to believe, that whatever his determination might be, hers was irrevocable—never to marry another."

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The response may easily be surmised. Pennant assured her that, independent of all contingent expectations, the fortune already in his possession was more than ample to enable them to maintain their position in society—that to enjoy her love was the motive of all his exertions, and that he looked to it as the crowning reward of all his sufferings, and as the only thing now wanting to complete his worldly happiness.” To the Colonel he expressed his gratitude “for the unceasing exertions which he had made to restore him to his rights; he assured him, that any resentment he might have felt regarding his conduct in the prosecution of his unfortunate father—(against whom he admitted the circumstantial evidence to have been strong)—was obliterated by his open endeavours to atone for an unintentional wrong—and he fondly trusted, that all prejudices arising from the supposed criminality of his father, being removed—principally by his own instrumentality—that now he would sanction the union which he had before, when labouring under erroneous impressions, so solemnly forbidden.” In a few days after this correspondence, Colonel Blake set out for Ireland, to attend the assizes—Mike remaining with Kate. From mutual explanations, he soon learned that the four hundred and fifty pounds, the price of his annuity, which he had remitted before his escape to France, had never reached its destination—but having, fortunately, kept an account of the notes, and the dates of their transmission, he had no difficulty in recovering them at the dead-letter office. This recovery was a great consolation to him—for it not only put him in possession of funds—but clearly proved the sincerity of his desire to minister to the wants of his relatives, even by the sacrifice of the small pecuniary means still left at his disposal; his time, as well as Kate’s, now passed gaily away, in the amusements of London, and the genial society of Lady Clifton—cheered as they were by the prospect of a prompt and happy termination to their doubts and anxieties.

While both sides were making preparations for the approaching trial, Mrs. O’Mahony was informed by the post-mistress that Pincher Martin had received a dirty, and ill-directed letter—evidently from some poor person in the neighbourhood, who did not wish to be known, as it was thrown into the box during the night. The Dunseverick post-boy having come at an earlier hour than usual—being, in fact, at the window when the mail arrived—she had no time to form an opinion as to its contents, but she suggested that it was most probably written by some witness, who wanted to change sides, and “sell the pass,” if well paid for so doing. Mrs. Lalor, with laudable prudence, studied to conciliate what was likely to prove the winning side. Mrs. O’Mahony immediately communicated those suspicions to Mahon, who, a though pretty sure of his men, at once took measures to have the office strictly watched by a person on whom he could rely. When Pincher Martin read the letter to which Mrs. Lalor alluded, he was overwhelmed with astonishment and fright—it came from Johnson, the escaped convict, who informed him, that his ship having been wrecked on the coast of Donegal, he alone of all the crew was saved, and that being utterly destitute, he came for aid, to enable him again to quit the country—that he would either meet Pincher at a certain place named, during the night following that

date, or go to Dunseverick, if that was preferred—and he requested that an answer might be left for him in the hollow of a decayed tree, of which he described the locality—naming the hour and place at which he would be received. He concluded by stating, that he had heard of Captain Pennant's being in the neighbourhood, and promised to suggest something which might be of great importance at the forthcoming trial. The interview could not be refused—but Pincher determined that it should take place under circumstances which would secure him against any act of violence on the part of his visitor. He left his answer where directed, appointed ten o'clock that night for the meeting, at a summer-house in a lonely part of the demesne—and immediately afterwards he set out to concert measures with the county jailer, on whose devotion he could depend. It was arranged that the latter should come privately to Dunseverick, so as to be in time for the interview—that he should tap at the parlour window, when Pincher would come out to join him—and that then both, well armed, should proceed to the place of rendezvous—the jailer to remain in ambush close by, ready to rush forward to Pincher's assistance, on hearing the discharge of his pistol. They set out before the appointed hour, so as to anticipate Johnson; and Pincher having carefully concealed his companion, advanced alone—he locked the door of the summer-house behind him, and opened one of the windows, which stood some feet above the level of the ground, and there he remained, occasionally coughing, to attract attention. After a short delay he saw the sailor coming towards him, and when he was near enough to hear distinctly, Pincher spoke—

"Look, now—you can't have your will of me as you had the last time we met—I'm well armed—and if you attempt to come one step nearer to me than you are now, I'll shoot you dead—you know I can't be punished for it—you're a convicted felon—and any one may kill you as they would a dog."

"I didn't come to harm you, sir," Johnson replied, very submissively, for he was evidently disconcerted by Pincher's manner, and the preparations made for his reception. "I didn't come to harm ye—I was cast away in the 'Anna Maria'—you may have seen an account of the shipwreck in the paper—(as indeed he had)—and that but one of the crew was saved—I am that man; and what could I do, for your sake, as well as my own, but make my way to you, for money to take me off? If I asked help elsewhere, or begged, I might be known, and arrested, and that would be equally bad for both on us—I'd lose my life, and you your wife's estate."

Up to that moment Pincher's plan of action had been undecided upon. The jailer was brought with him, that in case he dealt summarily with Johnson, and that circumstances made it necessary afterwards to publish an account of his death, it might be said that that official attempted to arrest an escaped convict, and, meeting with resistance, had shot him. But then, explanations might be asked, as to how, and why, the parties had met in such a place, and such an hour?—and this consideration hitherto deterred him from taking justice into his own hands; but the speech and manner of Johnson now provoked him to immediate action. The hammer of his pistol

was noiselessly drawn back to full cock, and he prepared to fire—when the sailor, who had paused for a moment, as if waiting a reply, again commenced to speak—"I've-thought on a business which might save us both—and I could do it, before leaving. Come, now, what will ye give me, if I shoot the Captain, and stop yer lawshoot?" The unexpected proposition turned the current of Pincher's thoughts into another channel—the hammer of the pistol was brought down to half cock, while he rapidly considered the pros and cons, for and against its acceptance—if the attempt to murder Pennant failed; the immediate destruction of Johnson, in a personal struggle, would most probably be the result—if it succeeded, there would be an end of the claims he so much dreaded; and his tormentor would, probably, never again return—the means of extorting money being removed by his own hand—should the assassin prove unsuccessful, and be taken, why, then his former sentence would be immediately carried into execution, and the revelations of such a man, under such circumstances—when unsupported by Bradly's declaration—which Pincher believed to have been burned at Castlemore—could do him little damage; he, therefore, determined to hazard the chance, and tacitly agree to the proposal.

"Come, now," cried Johnson, impatient at his delay in answering, "be quick, and tell me what yer inclined to do—I won't be hard on ye—fifty guineas to take me off, and the double of it to rid ye of the Captain."

"Nonsense," replied Pincher, "if you got the money, you would remain until you spent it, and then come and ask for more—you wouldn't shoot the man, I believe, if you could—and you couldn't if you would—for you have no arms, and no means of getting them."

"As to the shooting of him, I'd willingly do it on my own 'count, ye see—'cause I owes him a bad turn; but, natural-like, I wishes to gain a summut at the same time. As to the arms, I've got them, and good ones, too. I took them from the wreck, thinking I might have need on them—they belonged to the Captain," and, while speaking, he drew a pistol from each pocket—"d'ye ye think I'd be such a blowed fool as to come here without being prepared for a bout with ye, if it had so turned out. But, look ye, let's be kindly together—I have'nt been doing nothing for the few days, I've been in the country—I know how and where to do it—and, if you but give the money, I'll settle 'counts with the Captain to-morrow."

"Well," said Pincher, "I'll give you all you ask this time—but never let me see your face again—you well know the danger you run by remaining hereabouts, where all concerning you is so well known; therefore, whatever happens, be off—here—here's the hundred guineas"—and he threw a bag which contained them on the ground. "You see I deal on honour with you—take them and return as you came."

"Avast there," replied Johnson, "I'll not touch them till the port-hole's closed—d'ye think I'll give ye a chance of delivering your broadside—shut the winday."

Pincher did as he was directed, and waited in the summer-house until he heard Johnson take the money. He allowed him time enough to be at a

safe distance, and then rejoined the jailer, to whom, however, he did not communicate the entire result of the meeting.

Pennant walked almost daily from Mrs. O'Mahony's to Pepper's, to note the progress of his legal preparations, and on his way passed one of those ancient castles, so common in Ireland, whose ruins, form lasting monuments of Cromwell's ruthless barbarity, or of the desolation spread over the long-suffering land by some preceding spoliator—its outer walls, which formed a square, with flanking towers, were ivy-covered and lofty—and the public road running along two sides of them, formed at the turning point a sharp angle—from the narrow windows and occasional breaches, caused by the besieging cannon, or the ravages of time, a person concealed within, could safely, and without the possibility of detection, watch the approach of any one coming on either side—and from thence, (the grassy floor being many feet higher than the road below,) an assassin might fire upon his victim in almost perfect security—for, before the assailed person, (were he fortunate enough to escape unhurt,) could reach the only door which gave admission to the interior, his assailant would have ample time to shelter himself from pursuit, in a wood close by—and here, since dawn of day, Johnson lay in ambush, to murder his former shipmate. At length Pennant appeared in view, advancing towards him—as he drew nearer, and nearer, the murderer's nervousness increased—he felt the handle of a Spanish knife, which he carried in his breast, ready for close quarters, and carefully examined the pistol in his hand—to see that the hammer was at full cock, and the pan well filled with priming. To calm his agitation—and steady his aim, when the moment for action approached—he took a deep pull from a bottle of whiskey, which he flung upon the ground, as he stepped to a breach in the wall and fired. Pennant, roused from a reverie by the shot, sprang forward and turned the corner; here, the assassin, having only to cross the narrow angle, was again before him—but, just as he drew the trigger of his second pistol, he was pinioned from behind—and his hand being thrown up, the ball passed high over his intended victim's head, who thus escaped unhurt, the first bullet having merely traversed the breast of his great coat. As Johnson struggled to free himself from the grasp of the person who held him, a large pea-jacket, in which he was muffled, burst open, and his hat fell off; so that Pennant had no difficulty in recognising a face already well known to him. Hearing the struggle still continuing between his preserver, and the man who had attempted his life, he ran round the ruin, in search of the entrance—when he discovered it, the assassin had fled, leaving his pistols behind him—whilst Roddy, the Idiot, lay upon the ground, bleeding profusely from a deep gash in his neck. Pennant's first care was to staunch the wound in the best manner he could—and then he set out to seek assistance. Meeting Mahon, who also was on his way to Pepper's, he sent him on for aid, and returned himself to watch by the wounded "natural." Seeing the bottle, and having ascertained the nature of its contents, he poured the little of the whiskey left into the poor fellow's mouth, who soon exhibited signs of recovery, from a fit of weakness. When he opened his eyes, he smiled and pointed towards the door, uttering dis-

connected words, the meaning of which Pennant could not understand. When Pepper arrived, followed by Rory and a servant, and learned the particulars of the attempt made on his client's life, he cautioned him in the strongest manner against mentioning the matter to any other persons—and for greater security, ordered the wounded idiot to be carried to his own house. Mahon at once remarked, "Then, Johnson is the writer of the letters Mrs. Lalor gave us notice of, and we must try to have him." He lost no time in going to Mrs. O'Mahony, and prevailing on her, without assigning his reasons, to aid him in the measures he intended to adopt, for the purpose of securing possession of any similar letters addressed to Pincher, that might for the future be dropped during night time in the post-box. It was necessary for his purpose, that any such letter should be immediately delivered to the Dunseverick post-boy, lest delay might excite suspicion—and it was equally necessary that he should learn its contents before it reached its destination. He, therefore, arranged that Mrs. O'Mahony should arrive in the village late at night—ask for a bed at Mrs. Lalor's, as she had often done before—and on the pretext of wishing to get early possession of a letter, which she expected to be sent to her privately, by the sub-sheriff, on the Captain's affairs, that she should obtain possession of the key of the office; for himself, he selected a room on the ground floor of a pot-house, where his spy could arouse him by tapping at the window, immediately he noticed any one throw a letter into the receiving-box—and from whence he could easily reach the street, and awaken Mrs. O'Mahony, by a preconcerted signal. Everything went well—Mrs. O'Mahony dismissed her carriage outside the town, and walking in, reached Mrs. Lalor's without being noticed. If the letter did not come on that night, she determined to keep her room, and lie concealed until it did; and as she was accustomed to make such mysterious visits, when her husband was in trouble, her hostess and the servant, (always well rewarded for her fidelity,) were sure to conceal her presence.

The good-natured lady had not long retired to rest, before she was roused from her sleep by some sand thrown against the window, and saw Mahon standing in the street below. Throwing on a dressing-gown, she opened the hall-door, and then striking a light, they proceeded to the office, where they found the expected letter. In a few minutes the wafer yielded to the influence of steam, (a kettle of boiling water having been kept in her room, in readiness for the operation,) and she read the note, the meaning of which she could not understand, as it was anonymous, and referred to the attempt on Pennant's life, of which she was kept in ignorance. It merely stated, "that the writer had missed—and lost the bag—and could not go—that he expected Pincher to leave what was needful for him; where he had left his last letter; or, if preferred, that he would meet him at a place which he named, on the night but one following; and he desired, that an answer should be left next day in the hollow tree, saying which alternative Pincher preferred." Mahon's first object now was to discover this mysterious tree. The youth who had so carefully watched the Post-office, was the son of the keeper at Dunseverick, an old family servant of the Martins,

who, when Castlemore was burned, removed with them to their new residence. The father was firmly attached to the old stock—considered Pincher, and his wife as mere interlopers—and his boy, bred up in similar sentiments, could be fully relied upon. Mahon ordered him to watch Pincher's movements closely all next day, and at once to carry to where he would be in waiting, anything which his master might place in the hollow of a decayed tree. The lad sauntered about, as if in the discharge of his duties; and when Pincher came out, he, concealing himself, kept him within view, until he saw him deposit something in the side of an old beech, which stood alone in a remote part of the demesne. When his master re-entered the castle, he at once carried the letter to Mahon—who was hidden not far off—and as immediately re-placed it, after it had been read. Pincher preferred a personal interview, and appointed twelve o'clock next night at the place of Johnson's selection. Mahon quickly set out to reconnoitre the ground, and take his measures.

The mud walls of a roofless cabin, where the meeting was to be held, stood in an angle, formed by the crossing of two roads, on the side of a bleak and desolate mountain, far distant from any other habitation. It had formerly been a "shebeen," where illicit whiskey was purchased from the makers, and retailed to travellers, or sold to the less scrupulous of the neighbouring gentry; and was built upon a sort of neutral ground, between the producers and consumers—but a large seizure of contraband spirits having been effected by the gaugers, the proprietor was committed to prison, for fines which he was unable to liquidate—and the unoccupied dwelling soon fell into decay. There was not a tree within miles—and Rory was sadly puzzled to find any place of concealment suitable for his purpose. Two roads, running up the ascent from different directions, intersected each other at right angles. Just in front of the ruin—being only fenced by low and hedgeless ditches, they could be commanded for a long distance by persons standing within its walls, so that by them, it would be impossible to approach it on either side unnoticed. In one of the angles formed by the intersection of the roads, stood the wreck of the shebeen—and in the opposite one, its former occupant had laid out his little garden which now overgrown with weeds was surrounded by a ditch, the back being turned to the road—in its front, on the garden side, grew a stunted whitethorn hedge; and in the dyke, under its shelter, there was a possibility of concealment—but the chances of discovery were great; and it must be occupied, long in advance of the appointed hour. About ten o'clock, four men dressed in caubeen hats, and coats of frieze, such as are worn by our peasantry, had reached the cross road by a pathway leading through the fields—one of the party carefully examined the old walls; and then all four lay in the garden ditch, two taking their positions at either end, so as to command a view of both roads—the other two being placed in the centre, immediately opposite the roofless cabin, and keeping a sharp look out towards the mountain. The sky was clear, and a little before midnight, they perceived Johnson descending the hill. When he came within a short distance, he halted, close by a patch of furze bushes, while he took a survey of his surroundings—after having ap-

parently satisfied himself that all was safe, he entered the walls, but soon again returned to his first position, where he remained crouched amongst the furze, until the noise of approaching horsemen was distinctly audible—he then crept down to the back wall of the cabin, and from thence anxiously watched the direction from which the sound proceeded. On the appearance of two persons, he evidently became alarmed; for he at once retreated on all-fours to his place of refuge on the hill side—but when only one of them alit, and was walking forward alone, while the other remained, stationary with the horses, his confidence seemed restored, and he again ventured down. As Pincher entered the old walls, those who lay in the garden ditch could hear the sailor bid him “welcome,” the reply was a shot. Then there was an exclamation of “villain,” immediately followed by the discharge of a second pistol. After the first shot, the man with the horses came galloping up, and before the concealed party had time to determine what they should do, Pincher cried to his follower:—“I’ve stopped that scoundrel’s tongue anyhow, he has one ball through the head, and another through the body.”

“Is he dead?” demanded the person addressed.

“He must be, if he had as many lives as a cat.”

“Be sure of that,” added the other.

“For fear of mistake, there’s no harm in letting him have a ball through the heart,” said Pincher, and he proceeded to load his pistol, as both walked towards the cabin. The man who held the horses, had taken the reins from over their heads, so as to enable him to enter sufficiently far to see the murdered sailor, when the person who accompanied Pennant, Rory, and Pepper, cried, “Follow me, and do as I do,”—quickly gaining the road, he commenced talking loudly, and ran straight forward—meeting Pincher, who, alarmed by the noise of voices, had returned from the walls—and demanded “Who’s there?”

“Friends,” replied the stranger, “and hearing shots, we made for the place, thinking some mischief might be a-doing.”

“And so there was. I’m a Justice of the Peace, (Mr. Pincher Martin, of Dunseverick,) and I accompanied this gentleman, the jailer of — town, to arrest an escaped convict—the fellow made resistance, and we were obliged to shoot him. If you stay here, my boys and watch the body until I send a cart for it, you shall be well paid for your trouble.” On their consenting to do so, Pincher and his companion mounted their horses, and galloped off, both greatly embarrassed by the untimely appearance of those who had interrupted their proceedings. No preparations were made for the removal of the body, Pincher having calculated on doing the deed, in a spot so secluded, without its being suspected that he had any share in its perpetration. Pennant’s party were equally disappointed at the result, for their object was to secure Johnson alive, and to capture him if possible, when actually in Pincher’s company. “It’s very unfortunate this,” said Pepper, as the party entered the walls. “I wouldn’t the fellow was dead for any money—Pincher got the start of us, or he certainly shouldn’t have killed him.” Pennant, who was well accustomed to see the dead and wounded, immediately

set about examining the body—blood was streaming from the forehead, but on inserting his little finger into the orifice where the ball had entered, he found that it had not penetrated the skull, which was safe and unfractured; he passed his hand over the breast and belly, without discovering any injuries—and he perceived that pulsation of the heart still continued, although the man lay motionless, and to all appearance dead. Blood was oozing from the left thigh, and when he pressed the spot, he almost fancied that the sailor winced. Pepper, who anticipated returning with a prisoner, had, with professional foresight, ordered a hack coach, in charge of his son, to be in waiting, about a mile distant, and Mahon was sent to fetch it. While the rest of the party were talking on the road over what had occurred, and arranging their future proceedings, they heard a stir within the cabin, and on entering, to ascertain the cause, they found it empty—passing through the back door, the only exit for escape, they saw Johnson feebly trailing himself along the ground—and already exhausted by his exertions—“Avast there,” he cried, “don’t touch me—I strike—but if my thigh hadn’t been broken by that treacherous villain, you’d have a long chase, if you’d have ever been able to range alongside of me.” Pepper whispered Pennant to conceal his face, to be silent and to mount the driving-seat with his son. Rory, the stranger, and Pepper went inside with the wounded man, whose head they had bound up in the best manner they could, and whose broken limb they placed in as comfortable a position as circumstances permitted. They journeyed in silence for some time, until Johnson demanded, “where they were taking him to?”

“To hospital first,” replied Pepper, “and if you recover, afterwards to jail.”

After a pause, he asked—“Why did you say, awhile ago, that ‘you wished I’d been alive?’”

“Because I’d have got, as I shall now, the reward offered for taking you.”

“Taking me! for what?”

“Why, in the first place, for being an escaped convict—in the next, for having attempted to murder Captain Pennant—and lastly, for having killed the man who prevented you doing so.”

“And how,” he enquired, “did you know where to find me?”

“Why, from your letter to Pincher, to be sure—’twas I left the answer for you in the tree—he gave information that you tried to assassinate the Captain—he knew we were coming to arrest you—and, for some reason or other, took the job into his own hands—it’s all well, however, as he didn’t finish you, and I’ve got you living—we came just in the nick of time to save you, for Pincher was reloading his pistol, to give you a finishing touch—I don’t know, I’m sure, why, for you were, to all appearance, safe enough already.”

“But I do,” added Johnson, quickly.

They travelled slowly, to alleviate, as far as possible, the prisoner’s sufferings, who remained silent, except when he uttered an exclamation as the wheels struck in some rut, and occasioned him additional pain. It

was daylight when they reached the hospital—and the surgeon was immediately in attendance; after a careful examination, he declared that amputation was absolutely necessary, as the fracture of the thigh-bone was a compound one of the worst description. On Pepper's enquiring, from motives of his own, "if the operation would be attended with danger?"—"Undoubtedly," he answered, "he may, in fact, die under it, or be afterwards carried off by the fever, which is almost always consequent on the removal of a limb, and which will, no doubt, be aggravated in this case by the wound in the head, and general debility of the patient; if," he continued, addressing Johnson, "you have any worldly matters to settle, my good man, you had better arrange them before I operate—as afterwards it may be too late."

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Pepper.

"Nothing—nothing, thank ye—except to keep that villain, Pincher, off, if he follows me here."

"I'll now," said the surgeon, "give him a sedative—he must be left in quiet."

As Pepper was retiring, Johnson called after him—"I say—you, sir—do any on ye know Captain Pennant?"

"I do—would you wish to see him?"

"No—no—not yet—only I'd like, that if I did, he should be handy."

The stranger, who accompanied the party to make the arrest, was a magistrate from a distant part of the county, a friend of Pepper's, who had been selected for the purpose, because he was personally unknown to Pincher. This gentleman now issued a warrant, on Pennant's examinations, and committed Johnson to the custody of a constable, who, although forbidden to enter the sick ward, for fear of irritating the prisoner, was charged to keep strict guard outside the door, lest any one, not officially employed, should hold communication with him. Next morning, the limb was taken off—the patient bearing the operation with dogged fortitude—but although Pepper and the magistrate were present, he volunteered no communication—neither, as the surgeon informed them that his state was better than he could have anticipated, and that there was no immediate danger, did they press him to make any.

When Pincher returned with a cart to carry off the dead body, as he expected to do, he found no trace of it, or of the persons left in charge. The hospital, of which Johnson became an inmate, was in another county—and Pepper having had him entered in a false name, and the magistrate having cautioned the surgeon that, for the ends of justice, no noise should be made about the affair, the secret of his admission was well kept. No application had been made by any person for admission at the county infirmary, or jail—and thus Pincher was thrown off the scent. As the men who so unseasonably came up, at the time of the intended murder, had not since appeared to give an account of how they disposed of the dead man, or to claim any reward for their services—he concluded that they must either have been travellers, who passed on, or accomplices, who, for their own purposes, concealed the body. He, therefore, patiently awaited the result, having, however, as

a precautionary measure, made a report of the transaction to Mr. Sharp, the nearest justice of the peace—and afterwards instituted a strict search, to ascertain if any dead or wounded person could be discovered in the neighbourhood of the ruined “shebeen.”

Meantime, the condition of Johnson seemed more favourable than could have been expected. A very slight fever had supervened after the operation, and the surgeon entertained sanguine hopes of his ultimate recovery, when, suddenly, he became restless, then delirious, and soon unmistakable symptoms of gangrene rendered another amputation necessary, as the only means by which life could possibly be preserved. The second operation was more painful than the first—Johnson was sinking fast—and his situation became hourly more desperate; still, although warned of his hopeless state, and fast approaching end, and pressed by Pepper to make a dying declaration, he gave no signs of repentance, or of any desire to disclose what had occurred between himself and Pincher. The patient who occupied the opposite bed in the hospital was a very young man in the last stage of consumption—being quite resigned to his fate, and being actuated by strong religious feelings, he passed the short time left him here below, in endeavouring to prove by his example, that resignation to the will of Providence was a virtue, and that death is not appalling to those who regulate their lives by the dictates of religion. He had frequently addressed words of consolation and encouragement to Johnson, when he believed in the possibility of his recovery—but when he heard his doom announced, he exerted himself all the more to try and induce him to receive the rights of his church, for the unhappy man, although apparently steeled against all religious influences, had admitted to him that he, too, was born and had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. During one of the many attempts he made to convince the sailor of his danger, a vessel burst, and he threw up a quantity of blood. The Priest was instantly summoned. Meantime, the youth's mother had arrived—and he lay almost lifeless in her arms. From the reclining position in which he was held, Johnson had a full view of all that passed, and he who had shed so much blood himself, and seen so much shed by others in the heat of mortal strife, was appalled at the spectacle of a man gradually succumbing, as he rendered up his heart's blood to the insidious power of an incurable disease. He heard the gentle words of consolation which the sufferer addressed at intervals to his afflicted parent—he remarked him, as he clasped his attenuated hands together, and raised his eyes towards heaven—and was astonished at the smile of hope, and contentment, which sat upon his moving lips as he prayed; he began gradually to reflect upon his own condition—to remember how he had lived—and to think of what he might expect to suffer in a future state, the existence of which seemed now, for the first time, to dawn upon his obdurate and hardened mind. The young man's vomiting had ceased—and preparations were made for the administration of the sacrament. Johnson was awed by the solemn manner of the Priest and his attendants, who carried lighted tapers in their hands—he saw the nurses, and such of the Catholic patients as were able to move about, on their knees around the death-bed—while others, who were too

weak to rise, had their heads propped up by pillows, that they might witness the ceremony—he heard the prayers for the dying recited in a most impressive manner, and the responses uttered with extraordinary fervour, by those who anticipated that their own time to require the same charitable office from their fellow-Christians might not be far distant. An hour passed, during which the clergyman expatiated on the happiness of a true believer's last moments, when the dying youth attempted to speak—"Hush, my child," interrupted his mother; "if you had remained silent, as you were told to do, this might not have happened." "I wished," he answered, "to end with a good action—and if that man," pointing to Johnson, "only gives me the consolation of knowing that he will follow my advice, I shall die happy—do—do," he cried, eagerly, as his eyes closed, and his hand fell heavily beside him—there was a pause—Then the Priest, feeling for the pulse, declared him dead. The prayers for the departed followed, mingled with the hysterical sobs of the bereaved mother, and the more subdued lamentations of some of the patients, who but too well knew that their own supreme moment was fast approaching. Johnson's first impulse was to cover his head with the blanket—but he was spell-bound by the adjuration, and appearance of the dead man—he listened to the prayers—and then he remembered having learned them at his mother's knee—he had long forgotten the words of supplication, which he addressed to God, in his days of innocence—but now they returned to his memory with all the vividness of first impressions. As the Priest was about to leave, he beckoned to him—"Harky, master," he said, "d'ye think you could do anything for a man who has done a deal of queer things in his day—for if so, I didn't care as you took a spell at me, in case I must go, as they all says, to old Davy." The clergyman seized the opportunity to point out the necessity of repentance, and of doing all within his power to atone for his crimes, by making restitution to those he had wronged in matters of property—and by justifying those whom he had injured in reputation. "Then, if I tell everything I have done against them, to those I have damaged, you think that may help me to a snug berth?" he asked, at the conclusion of their interview—and on being assured that it was the first step in the right direction, he expressed his satisfaction.

In due time, before the opening of the commission, Pepper sent a clerk to the jail, with a subpoena, to enforce Brown's attendance, as a witness at the trial, who, to his astonishment, found that the debt having been paid, at a late hour two nights before, the prisoner had been discharged, and departed, with the friend who released him. On seeking Leonard, for the same purpose, it was discovered that he, too, had disappeared. Pepper was in an agony—the trial was fixed for the first day of the assizes—and his most important witnesses had either gone over to the enemy, or been removed—how, or where to, no one could tell. Mrs. Leonard, who alone could communicate any information regarding the absence of her husband, seemed not at all disposed to afford it—her manner was jaunty, almost insolent—and she answered the questions asked her in such a way, as evidently to show those who put them, that she knew much more than she was inclined to disclose.

Under those untoward circumstances, Mr. Pepper suggested that the record should be withdrawn, and the trial postponed to the ensuing spring assizes—but the proposition was opposed by Pennant, who declared that he would run any risk sooner than endure the torture of so long a delay—and by Rory Mahon, who remarked, that the witnesses might not be forthcoming then, more than now—while time would be afforded to remove them to some foreign country—whereas, if a vigorous effort were at once made to discover their retreat, they might still be found in time to give their testimony.

There was evident alarm manifested by Pennant's friends, who were unwearied in their exertions to hunt up the deserters—while Pincher, and his adherents, assumed an air of confidence and security. They believed their cause made "perfectly safe," for Leonard, whom they most dreaded, now proved himself so devoted to the service of his quondam oppressor, that he was one of the persons employed in the abduction of Brown, and his most trusted guardian, in the temporary confinement to which he was consigned. Leonard unceasingly employed his eloquence in convincing Brown that by remaining staunch to the cause of Pincher they should but save themselves. All required of them was that they should remain silent—should they be unfairly dealt with afterwards by Sharp, they had only to come forward, and state what they knew, when fresh proceedings, based upon their evidence, might be taken by Pennant—and thus, he maintained, they should secure, each of them, not only a liberal, but a permanent provision—whereas, if they turned over to Pennant, they would be left penniless, in the event of his defeat—and quite at his mercy, in case he succeeded—Pepper having assured him, that no settlement could be made with them before the trial, as any such arrangement, if discovered, would be construed into a bribe, and legally invalidate their testimony—they must, therefore, be content, if supporting his cause, to rely on Pennant's generosity, should he win—and this Leonard declared he was indisposed to do, "a bird in the hand, being always worth two, in the bush."

Smart, who had converted Leonard from an enemy, into a most ardent friend, by the same argument, was not at all surprised at the energy with which he endeavoured to win Brown to his views—his interests being, in fact, deeply involved in his brother-witness's conduct—for, if Pennant could secure Brown, and obtain a verdict on his unsupported evidence, then he (Leonard) would fall to the ground between both parties, without being remunerated by either; his new-born zeal was, therefore, neither astonishing nor suspicious, and he was considered the safest agent who could be entrusted with the task of guarding Brown, and pointing out the advantages which must accrue to him from his temporary confinement.

The house of the bailiff, or "Driver," of an estate, some miles distant, over which Smart was agent, was the place selected for the residence of the two men. They went there voluntarily—there was no apparent constraint used, so that their host might receive them, without incurring any legal responsibility. The "Driver," a surly, ill-conditioned fellow, had

three hulking sons, of quite as disagreeable dispositions as their father, and this family force formed his protection against the ill-will of his neighbours, by whom he was at once detested, and feared; were the secret kept, and the witnesses concealed, for only one short week, all would be well, and during that time the sons of the "Driver" were told to be continually on the alert, ready to aid Leonard, in case Brown should attempt an escape; and the master of the house was ordered to place an unlimited supply of whiskey always at his disposal. Singularly enough, this was the only locality which escaped the vigilance of Rory Mahon—he had never so much as thought of visiting it.

The days passed jovially on. Leonard, and Brown, lived, and slept in, the same room. The former, did the honours of the table—and the "Driver's" family were invited to join in the carouses, which were prolonged to an advanced hour every night, Leonard persuading them it was part of their duty to assist him in keeping his companion in a continuous state of intoxication.

Brown seemed quite happy, and completely reconciled to his position, nevertheless, Leonard insisted, that one of the young men should keep a sharp look out, and come to his assistance if he noticed any struggle taking place between himself, and Brown when he took him out for exercise.

In a small narrow valley, within view of the "Driver's" dwelling, and distant but some hundreds of yards, there was the ruin of an ancient church, surrounded by a burial ground, exclusively used by the peasantry, and gentry of the Roman Catholic faith—there were no fees to be paid for interment there—and no dread of interruption to the ceremonies, as the Protestant clergyman, never had possession of the place, and could, therefore exercise no control over the priest's proceedings. On the opposite side of a narrow roadway, a spring gushed from the very roots of an oak, which must once have been a veritable giant of the forest—but its vast trunk was now decayed from age—and only a mere shell of timber, covered with bark, remained, to convey the vivifying sap, to the gnarled and fantastically shaped branches, that still continued to push forth a sparse, and sickly foliage. The water issuing from the spring, after forming a deep and broad well, topped the embankment that confined it, and tumbled over a pebbly bed, down a gentle declivity. It had the reputation of being a "Holy Well," at which miracles were wrought, the lame, the blind, and the insane, were carried there in crowds, to benefit by its healing powers; and a trout, which tradition declared to have been seen there time immemorial, without any increase of its size, was supposed to be the guardian spirit of the sacred waters. The well was approached from the road, by a flight of rudely chiseled stone steps, whose centres were worn down by the continual tread of the pilgrims' feet—and a smooth green elevation covered with primroses and violets, bordered the beaten space, on which its frequenters performed their devotions. This well, was a favourite resort of the two men—Brown cooled his stomach with copious draughts of its ice cold water, and then reclined on the summit of the surrounding embankment, to sleep off the effects of the last night's debauch; while Leonard, profited by the op-

portunity, to perform "the station." While so occupied, on the morning of the Saturday, on which the assizes commenced, he was joined by a woman, who, after kneeling for some time on a grave in the church-yard, descended to the well—and though no sign of recognition passed between them, it might be remarked, that while engaged in prayer, they knelt in close proximity to each other—later, on that same day, the "Driver" received a note, urging him to increased vigilance until Monday night, by which time he should be relieved of his charge.

On the Sunday afternoon Leonard proposed, that as they were so soon to separate, that their last evening together should be consecrated to a jolly booze; this method of passing it would not only gratify their own feelings, but also prove the best possible means of securing Brown, who, if properly inebriated, would be sure to sleep soundly for so long as they left him undisturbed on the following day. The carouse commenced at an early hour, and after some time, Brown, who became completely intoxicated, was comfortably stowed away in bed. But Leonard, still unscathed by his potations, insisted that he and his host's family should enjoy themselves for some time longer in the kitchen. Rashers of bacon were fried, and milk punch was made, and consumed in large quantities, until the cock crew at midnight, when his companions being stupidly drunk, Leonard, after taking an affectionate farewell, and ordering that no noise should be made until he got up in the morning, staggered with difficulty to his room. Having, after many failures, at last succeeded in bolting the door, he sat down, and remained quiet until the loud snoring of the other inmates of the house assured him that they were fast asleep, when he proceeded, with more steadiness than could be expected from a person in his condition, to open the shutters, and place the burning candle in the window, then throwing himself on the bed, he lay there until a low, prolonged whistle was heard, when he instantly rose, and removed the candle to another part of the room. In a few minutes after a blackened face presented itself at the window, and the light was instantly extinguished.

The assizes were opened; Pennant's case, *Martin v. Martin*, commenced on Saturday, and after the speech of his leading council, was adjourned to Monday. On Sunday, Pepper learned that Johnson was in a hopeless state, that mortification had set in—and that his life must now be of very short duration. It was necessary, therefore, to make another and last attempt to wring his secret from him—nothing could heretofore convince the unhappy man of his immediate danger—and Pepper thought that the most probable means of extracting a confession would be by confronting him with Colonel Blake and Pennant, neither of whom he had as yet seen. They all three set out for the hospital, accompanied by the magistrate, on whose warrant he was in custody. Pepper, with the surgeon, entered the ward first, and asked Johnson "How he did?"

"Why, jolly—all the pain's gone, and I only feel a sort of suffocating like, now and then—I'm quite comfortable and a deal better, thank ye."

"Don't deceive yourself any longer," said the surgeon, gravely, "before twelve o'clock to-night you *must* be dead; the pain has ceased, because

mortification has set in—it is gradually mounting upwards, and will soon choke you."

"Must—must choke me!" exclaimed Johnson, and he then, for the first time, realized the fact that his respiration was gradually becoming more and more affected.

"Would you wish to see Colonel Blake or Captain Pennant before you die?" demanded Pepper.

"Must I surely die?" he asked the surgeon, before replying.

"Surely—most surely—nothing can prolong your existence, even for this night."

"Then," he said, "I'll see the Colonel."

When Colonel Blake, (who was close at hand,) came to his bedside "Ah," he exclaimed, "I'm glad to see yer honour sound and hearty, and not a wreck as I am—shattered and cast away—it does me good somehow to meet ye again, afore I sail on my last cruise—you don't know who I am—hark ye, I'm one of the two boys that met ye at Dunseverick Abbey on the day iv the duel, and that afterwards swore against Squire Ulick—ha, I see you remember me now. Well, the parson as is here tells me I must needs set every one I wronged to rights, if I don't wish to go straight to old Davy; so I just want to say to you, that all we then told you was a lie—I wish Jim Bradley was to the fore, he could bear me out—but I finished him, as ye know, and I'm sorry for it now—he was a good chummy, and I should'nt have done it; Squire Ulick did'nt kill Captain Desmond—'twas I as did it"—(he looked fully in the Colonel's face, as he made the avowal, and then after a short pause, he continued—"I had my own reasons for the shooting of him—he wronged my sister—Jim, too, had a grudge against the Squire for putting a cousin of his off the estate, and as I told him that he'd suffer as well as me if the truth was known, we agreed to save ourselves, to put the Squire's neck in the halter, and we hanged him—but he had nothing whatsoever to do with the business. Jim of late years was always threatening to tell, and you may remember all that happened at his death on the 'Racer's' deck—what a smart frigate she was—what he said and did never left my mind since. Where's the Captain?" he enquired, "I may as well see him, too." When Pennant entered, Johnson remained silent until he asked him, "Why have you tried to take my life—what have I done to injure you?"

"Nothing in particular—you often stopped my grog, and ordered me some dozens, and I owed you a grudge like, I s'pose, because I swore falsely against yer father; but that does'nt matter now—I tried to shoot ye because Pincher Martin paid me to do it—'twas he helped me to escape after I was cast to be hung. Keep a wide berth of that man, or he'll run foul of ye, when ye least expect it; his guns are always shotted, to give you a broadside. I killed poor Jem, my chummy, because he was going to tell you who you was, which I never knew until that same minute—and all about yer father—he alone knew anything of what had happened when we were boys, and I thought I'd get rid of the only witness that could turn up against me. I'm sorrier for that job now than for all I ever done,

that's certain; for Jim was a true messmate, and we sailed together all our lives. Now, I've tould you all, let me have a spill of the parson, and see if he can make me sea-worthy."

The magistrate had taken down Johnson's declaration as it was made, and after reading it over to him, and having his signature affixed, they left the unhappy man in the hands of the clergyman. He died soon after, without exhibiting what might be called penitence, or remorse, for the many criminal acts of his wicked life.

The trial was resumed next morning, and as Pennant, (for so we shall still call him,) sued as heir-at-law to the late Richard Martin, it became necessary that he should, in the first place, prove the marriage of his parents and his own identity as their son. The marriage was proved by Father Stephen O'Mally, the priest who performed the ceremony. And he further bore testimony to the fact of Pennant's being the offspring of that union, from his having had frequent opportunities of seeing the boy from his infancy, up to the time when he entered the navy. His evidence to that effect was supported by Rory Mahon, who identified Pennant by the peculiar formation of his toes, which he had publicly announced as his test on first seeing him at the inn, before any personal communication had passed between them, and the correctness of which was immediately substantiated by Pennant's exhibiting his foot. This was in so far satisfactory, but he had then to dispose of the present possessor of the estate, by sustaining his allegation, that she was only a suppositious child—and the witnesses on whom he relied to support it were not forthcoming. There was a pause in the proceedings—the barristers employed in the case on the plaintiff's side, engaged in an animated discussion with the solicitor—Smart looked demure—Pincher could scarcely restrain a chuckle—Pennant and Pepper gazed anxiously towards the doors—the leading counsel flung himself into his seat—the junior stood fiddling nervously with his brief, attentively watching Pepper's motions—a dead silence pervaded the court—everyone felt that something had gone wrong—Pincher's friends became hopeful—Pennant's were in despair. At length the Judge, who had been looking over his notes, enquired, "What caused the delay?" Before a reply could be given, a thundering cheer from the crowd outside was repeated by those within the building, as Rory Mahon, escorting Brown, and followed by Leonard and his wife, advanced through the passage opened for him by the people. The excitement became irrepressible, as patting her husband on the back with one hand, and waving a handkerchief with the other, Mrs. Leonard marched proudly through the outward hall, amidst enthusiastic cries of "Well done, Nelly!" "Glory to you Nelly, and long may you reign!" At the entrance of the court she was obliged to abandon her charge to the care of Mr. Pepper—and was almost overwhelmed by the salutations of her admirers. The cause proceeded—autograph copies of the letters written by the late Mrs. Martin to Pincher and Blatherwell before the young lady's marriage with the former, were then put in evidence. The signature and handwriting being proved to be hers by many persons who had been on terms of intimacy with the family. Brown, (who was utterly

astonished at their production,) and whose name was attached to each as witness, proved that he had himself delivered the originals to both gentlemen on the very day of their date—in those letters Mrs. Martin not only declared that her reputed daughter was not her child, but she even went the length of stating who her real parents were, and she concluded the admission of the cheat which she had practised on her husband by a warning, that, if Pincher persevered in marrying the girl after such a declaration, he would, (to use legal phraseology,) be “a purchaser with notice.”

Leonard, who, according to the statement made in those letters was Mrs. Pincher Martin's maternal uncle, was then produced. When he mounted the table, on which witnesses give their testimony in Ireland, the clerk of the Crown proceeded to administer the oath. Just as he concluded Mrs. Leonard roared, at the top of her voice, “Don't ‘take the Book’* until you return the villain that levelled our cabin, the money he thought to buy yer sowl with.” Obedient to the order, and before touching the Testament, held out to him by the “crier,” Leonard thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew forth five ten-pound notes—having shaken them so that their number might be seen, he addressed Sharp—“Here's the money ye gave me, to keep myself and Mister Brown, away from this trial—I took it that you mightn't suspect what I was about—I knew that if I wasn't at Mr. Brown's side, he'd be made away with—in spite of all yer care, I carried him off safe from his jailers—and though I'll damage my own flesh and blood, I'm here now, ready and willing to tell the truth.” Another cheer resounded through the court, and Sharpe, having completely lost his presence of mind, was extending his hand to receive the proffered money, until restrained by Pincher, who sat beside him. The deadly paleness of both men's faces, and the beads of sweat that stood upon their foreheads, clearly evinced the agony of their minds. Pennant's counsel moved “that the notes be empounded”—the witness “kissed the book,” and then proceeded with his evidence. He described how he had carried his sister and her female infant to Castlemore, on the night after her confinement, by an unfrequented pathway across the fields—that it was given out that the woman's child had died, and that she was employed as wet nurse by Mrs. Martin, whose supposed accouchment had taken place that same evening—that he alone was privy to the arrangement entered into between that lady and his sister; and that, by the latter's direction, he had himself made a coffin which he filled with stones and rubbish, and then buried, as containing the body of her dead child. On his cross-examination, he accounted for lending himself to such a deception, and for not, before now, disclosing the truth, by stating that, he thought it no harm to serve his niece when he wronged no one else, there being no other claimant for the estate; that Mrs. Martin had always paid his rent while she lived, and had promised him that when the heiress came of age, he should have his spot of ground for nothing; and he freely admitted that he should never have said a word about it if Pincher Martin hadn't broken

* Means—“don't be sworn.”

the bargain, and put him to the road. The personal resemblance between the witness, and the defendant, was so marked, that it added great weight to his testimony—which was further corroborated by proof, that a child's coffin, in a state of decay, and containing only stones, had been found in the place which he pointed out as that in which he had buried it. It was also proved that the family physician had never been in attendance on Mrs. Martin, either during her pregnancy or at her confinement; that, on the latter occasion, a surgeon, living at a considerable distance, had been sent for, who was informed, on his arrival at the house, that the child was already born, and that his services were not required, as both mother and infant were doing as well as could be desired—he was paid his fee, and never again consulted. And finally, it appeared that the child becoming ill, the nurse, who was in reality its mother, insisted on its being baptized—and that the ceremony was performed, not by the Protestant clergyman, to whose flock both Mr. and Mrs. Martin belonged, but by the Catholic priest—and it was naturally concluded that the reputed mother would never have made such a concession to the wishes of the nurse, if she were not compelled to submit by some overwhelming causes.

Pincher, being unprepared for the production of letters, which he supposed to have been destroyed by the fire at Castlemore, and confounded by the chain of evidence adduced against him, was unable to make a rebutting case. The jury at once returned a verdict in favour of the plaintiff, and Pennant was declared legitimate heir to the estates, which he should have inherited in the course of succession. Pincher, who dreaded being sued for mesne rates during his illegal possession of the Castlemore estates, in the event of the trial going against him, had pressed on the Chancery suit, to realize the amount of his mortgages on the Dunseverick property, so as to be prepared for any contingency—with that money he might decamp, in case things come to the worst—and live abroad. The decree for a sale had actually been pronounced, and in order to obtain time to go through the necessary formalities for bringing the estate to the hammer, he threatened to move for a new trial, on the ground that the verdict against him had been obtained by surprise—but Pepper saw his object, and seeking an interview, clearly demonstrated to him the impossibility of his ever realizing one shilling of that money. Colonel Blake had already assigned all his interest in the Dunseverick estate to his niece, who would marry Captain Pennant before the sale could be effected, and he then becoming proprietor in right of his wife, would lodge the amount of the mortgages in court, and impound the money, until his claim for mesne rates, (a much larger sum,) should be liquidated—he also showed him a copy of Johnson's dying declaration, implicating him in aiding the escape of a convict, and in a conspiracy to murder, which had not been as yet laid before the authorities, but he at the same time assured him that Captain Pennant was unwilling to have him punished, or see him penniless, and that if he but gave a full explanation, touching the means by which he had obtained possession of, or fabricated the letter from Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which he had forwarded to Government, implicating Pennant in the treasonable society of which that

unfortunate nobleman was the head; and would further satisfy the mortgages of which he was the holder—and allowed the verdict already obtained to stand, and thus save delay and expense—that in such case a sum of five thousand pounds should be placed at his disposal, and time be given him to quit the country, before any proceedings should be taken, which might involve him in the meshes of the law. Seeing all chance of touching the mortgage money cut off—well knowing that he could not remain in Ireland, with heavy criminal charges hanging over his head—and having no hope in the successful issue of a new trial for his wife's estate, from the fact of his being fully aware since the time of his marriage of the secret, which had only come to Pennant's knowledge with the possession of his mother-in-law's letter—and Judge Blatherwell at the same time urging him to accept terms, as the only way to avoid public disgrace, and backing his advice with a promise of two hundred a year to be paid him, so long as he resided out of the British dominions, Pincher was soon brought to the most abject submission. He complied with the terms proposed, regarding the legal proceedings, and gave a written admission of how he had concealed the confession of Bradly, the document really enclosed in the cover, and substituted in its stead, a fictitious letter written by himself, in the name of Lord Edward. This avowal at once solved the mystery, which cast such an unmerited suspicion on Pennant's loyalty, and left no doubt as to what the result must be of the Court of Enquiry, which was soon to investigate the charges which had so unjustly caused his name to be erased from the navy list. After making some necessary arrangements, Pennant and the Colonel started for London. It is unnecessary to describe the heartfelt joy of a meeting between two persons who loved so truly and so tenderly as Pennant and his affectionate bride, and whose happiness seemed but lately to have been for ever marred by circumstances, over which neither possessed any control. At the same church, and on the same day, that Mike led Lady Clifton to the altar, Pennant was united to Kate. Her uncle now saw the idol of his affections, married to the husband of her choice, and in the enjoyment of all life's temporal blessings—he could not, however, divest himself of a certain feeling of remorse for his conduct in the prosecution of Squire Ulick—conduct which though not criminal in itself, his conscience told him was influenced by unchristian motives, and produced unjust results. He now determined to withdraw altogether from society, and devote the remainder of his days to prayer and the performance of charitable acts. A cottage, called the "Hermitage," and situate within the demesne, was fitted up for his reception, and there he and Tim dwelt—their solitude enlivened by almost daily visits from Kate and her husband. Neither was Skittles forgotten—a bidden and welcome guest at the weddings, the kind-hearted man lived for many years afterwards, notwithstanding the tendency of blood to the head, and passed most of his time at Dunseverick; he and the Colonel often wandered through the grounds, talking over past occurrences, and recognising the inscrutable designs of Providence, which so frequently conduct us to success by the very means, that in human estimation, ruin our prospects—which impels the feeling heart to the performance of

good deeds at the needful time—and sends aid to the unfortunate, at the very moment when they cease to hope. In later years, they were frequently accompanied by a fine, bold boy—Kate's second son—who, afterwards, with Tommy Dowell, became the joint inheritor of Skittle's large fortune. The two old men died nearly at the same time, and the solitary Englishman found a last resting-place in the tomb of the Blake's. Rory Mahon devoted his time and money to the rebuilding and decoration of Castlemore, in a style worthy to be the residence of the eldest son of the family, who was to inherit the Martin estate—and his nephew, Phelim Darcy, after having served in some of the most brilliant campaigns of the French armies, was married to Kathleen Connor, and settled in a comfortable farm. Mike repurchased the mansion and a considerable portion of his ancestral estates, on which he and Lady Clifton, (who, in due time presented him with a son and heir,) lived a part of every year. Mrs. Pennant, or Lady Florence Martin, as we should now call her, could never be induced to revisit Ireland. She joyfully received Kate as her daughter-in-law, and settled again at her former residence in Wales, which served as a resting-place for her son's and Mike's families, as they periodically passed from one country to the other. Mrs. O'Mahony long survived her better-half, and never ceased to attribute the success of Lloyd Pennant's lawsuit to her unceasing exertions in his behalf.

(THE END.)

THE IRISH HIERARCHY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG the more important personages presented to the nunzio immediately after his arrival in Kilkenny was the confederate lord Chancellor, who held his court in said city, and there adjudicated on all causes, civil and criminal, independently of the supreme council. The individual who then filled that high office was John, bishop of Clonfert, and subsequently archbishop of Tuam, who, as we shall see, was destined to occupy a distinguished place in the history of his country during some of its most eventful phases.

John De Burgo, whose father descended from a junior branch of the lordly house of that name, was born near Clontaskert, in 1590, and with his younger brother Hugh, received the rudiments of his education from a distinguished teacher named O'Mullally, who resided under the paternal roof till his pupils had acquired considerable knowledge of Greek and Latin. The two brothers, it would appear, had determined, while yet mere striplings, to embrace the ecclesiastical profession, and they accordingly set out for the Continent some time in 1614, Hugh proceeding to

Louvain, where he took the Franciscan habit in St. Anthony's, and John to Lisbon, where he was entered of the Irish secular college. Singularly remarkable for his talents and application, John made rapid proficiency in his studies, and in the course of six or seven years attained the highest academical distinction, so much so that he was selected by his superiors to go to the great school of Evora, and there, according to usage prevalent at the time, hang out a challenge summoning all the learned men of the latter place to dispute with him a thesis comprising the whole body of theology, civil and canon law. At the close of three days' trial the Irish disputant was crowned with honours, and then returned to Lisbon, bringing with him magniloquent attestations of his extensive learning, duly sealed and subscribed by the professors of Evora. Having completed his studies, John De Burgo was ordained priest when he reached his twenty-fourth year, and then set out for Salamanca, where he disputed another thesis, so clerkly and so much to the admiration of the erudite men of that famous university, that they one and all pronounced him *habilis ad docendum*, and conferred upon him the degree of doctor in divinity. Returning to Ireland about 1624, the young priest found that his pedagogue had abjured the faith and turned protestant—why or wherefore we know not—but their relations to each other being now reversed, O'Mullally submitted to instruction, and owned himself vanquished by his quondam pupil, who had the satisfaction of rescuing the old man from heresy, and anointing his eyes before they were closed in death. After labouring for two years as a simple missionary in his native diocese, Boetius Egan, bishop of Elphin, wrote to Rome, recommending de Burgo as a fit and proper person for the apostolic-vicariate of Clontarf, then about to be vacated by Thomas Egan, a Dominican, and in the year 1627, the Holy See replied to the bishop empowering him to confer the dignity on his *protégée*. In this new function de Burgo toiled assiduously for the people committed to his charge, and as far as in him lay supplied to some extent the want of a bishop, for the see of Clontarf had not been provided with one since the death of its late chief pastor, O'Farrell, who died within the Spanish lines during the siege of Kinsale. De Burgo's promotion to the apostolic-vicariate took place during the deputyship of Lord Falkland, who, as we have seen in a former paper, being constantly haunted by the apprehension of "foreign invasion," allowed the catholics hardly any rest. Indeed, his hired spies and informers were ever on the track of bishops and priests; and the sheriffs of the counties, whom he appointed, were ever willing to persecute the professors of the old faith, in order to aggrandize their own fortunes, and advance their preferment. De Burgo was well aware of this, and notwithstanding many dark hints thrown out by the deputy, questioning his loyalty, he was wise and fortunate enough to keep clear of the many snares that were spread for him. On the accession of Lord Strafford, however, his anxiety for the proprietors of the soil involved him in very great difficulties, for he made himself peculiarly objectionable to the rapacious viceroy, by opposing, as far as he could, the projected confiscation of all Connaught to the crown. Again, when the parliament of 1634 was

summoned, he exerted all his influence with the catholic members, urging them to resist the gigantic scheme of spoliation which was then contemplated, under the pretext of enquiring into defective titles, and so enraged was Strafford on hearing this that he lost no time in issuing warrants for de Burgo's arrest. The vicar-apostolic, however, with many of his clergy and people, found safe shelter in the woods, where he lay concealed till Strafford's recall. His zeal and energy in those distracted times raised him more and more in the estimation of the bishop of Elphin, his earliest patron, and when the latter applied to Rome to appoint a bishop to the vacant see of Clonfert, he declared in his letters that he knew none so worthy of that dignity as John de Burgo. Rome approved the nominee, and despatched the bulls of consecration, on the 16th of October, 1641.

About half a mile north of the Slieve Aughty hills, on the confines of the county Clare stood the monastery of Kinalahyn, founded by the de Burgos for Franciscans, soon after the order came to Ireland. It was a lonely and secluded spot, and, indeed, none could have been found better suited for quiet and retirement from the busy world. The lords of Clanricarde had a special affection for this little monastery, which they endowed sufficiently with some fair fields and goodly orchards, and when it lapsed to the crown, in Queen Elizabeth's time, earl Richard, surnamed of Kinsale, purchased it from the grantee, and restored it to the friars. The mother of this Richard, too—Margaret Fitzallen, of the house of Arundel—was, like her son, kind and beneficent to the recluses; and owing to her devotion and protection, the buildings were kept in repair, and their inmates screened from scathe, for many a year after her decease. Church and cloister were all perfect on the 19th of May, 1642, and a large assemblage, among whom was Ulick, fifth earl of Clanricarde, was then gathered within the sacred precincts to witness the consecration of John, bishop of Clonfert. Malachy O'Queely, archbishop of Tuam, assisted by Egan, bishop of Elphin, and O'Molloney, of Killaloe, performed the solemn ceremony, and when that evening's sun went down, the neighbouring hills were all ablaze with fires, lit by the peasantry in honour of the grand event. The see so long vacant had found a pastor, and the mitre of Clonfert rested on the head of one in whose veins ran the blood of the ancient conquerors and lords of Connaught.

In obedience to the summons of the Irish primate, presiding at the general assembly of bishops and priests at Kilkeenny, in the very month of his consecration, John, bishop of Clonfert, subscribed the ordinances there agreed upon for prosecuting war against the parliamentarians; and, indeed, he thenceforth resided almost constantly in the chief city of the confederates, where he supplied the place of David Rothe, then in his seventy-second year, and in some respects unable to discharge episcopal functions. Age, literary toil, and unremitting exertions to complete a work, which, alas, was not destined to see the light, had so impaired the health of the learned prelate of Ossory, that he was hardly able to venture abroad or visit his cathedral; but in John of Clonfert, he found a willing and energetic assistant, who represented him at all the grand

functions solemnized in St. Canice's, where he was very constantly engaged confirming and ordaining. Towards the close of 1643, the bishop of Clonsfert was elected a spiritual peer of the supreme council, and in the following year, when that body had resolved on erecting a separate court for transacting the civil and criminal business of the kingdom, they appointed him its president, with the title of chancellor, thus recognising his extensive knowledge of jurisprudence and fitness for a position of such great responsibility. Nor did they fail to mark their appreciation of his brother, Hugh, then a distinguished member of the Franciscan order, for they selected him, about the same time, out of many others, to go to the court of the Netherlands, with full powers to act as their agent and representative.

Meanwhile, the bishop of Clonsfert, notwithstanding the duties he had to discharge in Kilkenny, looked well to the administration of his own diocese, and in the course of a very short time, after his elevation to the see, he had the happiness of reforming many abuses inseparable from the state of the times, and doing much for the spiritual and temporal prosperity of his flock. He caused many of the churches to be repaired, and supplied with the necessary requirements, presided at synods of his clergy, and strove to his utmost to promote the education of the young. His reputation in the council of the confederates stood high, and particularly so with that section of it which was unfortunately prejudiced in favour of lord Ormond, but although he did not, by any overt act, approve the policy of the latter, he nevertheless gave indication enough that he would not scruple adopting it in preference to what were termed *extreme measures*. This will be easily accounted for, when we remember that lord Clanricarde preserved strict neutrality during the early progress of the confederates, and as we may suppose, influenced, the action of his kinsman.

He had now been three years in possession of the see of Clonsfert, when the archbishopric of Tuam fell vacant by the death of O'Queely, slain, as we have already described, in a miserable skirmish, and no sooner was this event signified to the supreme council than they, without consulting the primate or any other metropolitan, as was their custom,* recommended John de Burgo as a fit person to succeed the deceased prelate. When this important business was submitted to the nunzio, who was then in Kilkenny, he, although deprecating the right of the supreme council, to meddle in such matters, ancient privileges claimed by the English crown notwithstanding, wrote at once to Rome a *quasi* recommendation of de Burgo, whom he described as a man "of honest views, slow in speech, and suffering from an attack in the eyes, which might ultimately damage his sight." In the same letter he bore ample testimony to the fitness of Hugh, the bishop's brother, whom he had met at Paris, stating that, "he was a man of greater energy and activity, whose nomination was simply meant to reflect honour on the already consecrated."†

In the interval between this contemplated translation to the see at

* Nunziatura, p. 102.

† Nunziatura, p. 83.

Tuam and the rejection of lord Ormond's peace by the synod at Waterford, in 1646, it would appear that the nunzio had no firmer friend or more active partisan than the bishop of Clonfert. In fact, of all the prelates who declared against the viceroy's overtures, none denounced them with greater vehemence than de Burgo, and that nothing might be wanting to convince the nunzio of his hostility to lord Ormond, and the terms the latter proposed, he subscribed the condemnation of all the articles of said peace, and took his place as spiritual peer in the supreme council, which was elected in August of the aforesaid year. At that time the archbishopric of Tuam was still vacant, and the nunzio was, if possible, more anxious for de Burgo's translation. In fact, he urged the holy see to lose no time in sanctioning it, for just about the time of the Waterford assembly he wrote to Rome, "That he had nothing more to say concerning the church of Tuam save that six months' experience of the bishop of Clonfert had convinced him that he was worthy of promotion."* There was, however, a difficulty in the way, for the grand duke of Tuscany had written to the nunzio, praying him to bestow the vacant see on Father Nicholas Donnellan, an Augustine friar and provincial of his order in Austria, but however much disposed he might have been to oblige a sovereign, in whose court his own relations held high office, he declined interfering in behalf of Donnellan, alleging, in answer to the duke's request, that the archbishopric had already been given to some one of the *many* for whom interest had been made at Rome.† In justice to the nunzio, it must be admitted that he used his influence with the holy see for Clonfert's promotion, and he was accordingly translated to the archbishopric of Tuam early in April, 1646. The announcement of this fact was hailed with joy by the clergy and people of Connaught, all of whom entertained a high opinion of the talents and piety of the new archbishop, whom we shall henceforth designate by his proper title—John of Tuam.

After being duly inducted to the archbishopric, his first care was to restore, as far as the revenues of his see enabled him, the ancient cathedral of St. Mary, which had suffered great dilapidation during the intrusion of the protestants, who, to accommodate the small congregation they either forced or bribed to assemble there, had completely destroyed the architectural symmetry of its once beautiful interior. The archbishop, indeed, spared no expense or labour in re-erecting the altars and replacing the sacred furniture which had been carried off by the Anglican prelates, and as soon as he had completed this portion of his work, he turned his attention to the archiepiscopal palace, which he rebuilt sumptuously from the foundations. Hardby the cathedral, on the gospel side of the grand altar, stood the sacellum or oratory, in which the relics of St Jarlath were venerated for many an age, but when heresy found its way to Tuam, it was unroofed, and stripped of all its votive offerings. Fortunately, however, the relics ‡ were preserved, and the archbishop had the satisfaction of

* Nunziatura, p. 52.

† Ibid, 190.

‡ They were discovered in a copper pentagonal case, deep under the floor of the cathedral, in 1609, by William Daniel, the protestant archbishop, who gave

seeing them once more deposited in their ancient resting place, which he took care to restore to something like its former splendour. Indeed, it would be impossible to find, in the history of the Irish Hierarchy, any prelate worthier of appreciation than this archbishop of Tuam, for we have it on the authority of one who enjoyed his intimate acquaintance, in prosperity as well as adversity, that he expended the entire revenue of his see in works of public utility. His hospitality was unbounded,* and his taste for books, of which he made a vast collection, with the view of founding an extensive library in Tuam, was so notorious that bibliopoliasts from France and Belgium found in him a ready and generous purchaser of the valuable works which then issued from the press of those countries. An enthusiastic admirer of the Jesuits, he advanced them a large sum for maintaining the seminary which they erected in Galway, and in the same city he built for himself a stately residence three storeys high. As the see of Clonfert was now vacant, the archbishop was desirous of having it conferred on his brother Hugh, in preference to Walter Lynch, vicar-capitular of Tuam, but as the latter was strongly recommended by the nunzio, his competitor, as may be supposed, had little or no chance of success. Indeed, the nunzio at this moment did not conceal his dislike of the aspirant or of the archbishop himself, for he described them both as "hot-headed, and wishing to have every thing their own way;" and the same letter which conveyed this intelligence to Rome represented that it would be unwise to have "two brothers collated to the two best dioceses in the province;" and that the newly-appointed archbishop of Tuam was "the most intractable and refractory of all the Irish prelates with whom he, (the nunzio,) had to deal." "He blames me," wrote the latter, "for recommending Lynch, and what is worse, he blames another who is superior to us all."† In this divergence of opinion, respecting the fitness of Hugh for the see of Clonfert, originated that mutual antipathy which thenceforth influenced the nunzio and the archbishop in their relations to each other. As for the latter, his enemies were wont to say he was a mere creature of the nunzio as long as the see of Tuam remained vacant, but that on attaining the object of his ambition, he cared little for the person who had been instrumental in elevating him. True or false as such allegations may have been, a crisis was now fast approaching, when those two high dignitaries were to meet face to face in the council of the confederates, where,

them to Kirwan, afterwards bishop of Killala. The Shrine, we may presume, was secreted, or, perhaps, taken to the continent after the reduction of Connaught by the Cromwellians.

* John O'Cullenan, bishop of Raphoe (who was educated at Rheims), after being released, in 1647, from Carrickfergus castle, where he was imprisoned by Munroe, the Scotch general, whom Owen O'Neill defeated at Benburb, resided constantly with the archbishop of Tuam till both were obliged to leave Ireland. O'Cullenan went to Brussels, and there found hospitality in the monastery of the Regular Canons of St. Augustine, till his death, which occurred, March 24, 1661. He was buried under the chapel of the B.V.M. in the church of SS. Michael and Gudule.

† Nunziatura, p. 245.

as we shall see, they differed in their views of polity, and parted irreconcilable enemies. Let us state summarily the causes which brought about such sad and lamentable results.

During the entire of the year 1647, the confederate armies were singularly unsuccessful in the field, and as most of the expeditions which proved so disastrous had been undertaken at the instigation of the nunzio, the blame and censure, always inseparable from failure, were unsparingly thrown upon him. The attempt to seize Dublin, which was saved by the want of accord between the confederate generals, was attributed to the nunzio's overweening ambition; and to thwart him still more, the catholic clergy within the walls of the metropolis had subscribed a protest against his proceedings. Then came the fatal battle of Trim, in which Preston's fine army was utterly routed by the forces under Jones, the parliamentary general, to whom lord Ormond had surrendered the city; and, as it were to crown all these reverses, lord Inchiquin had taken Cashel, Callan, and Fethard, and beaten the Munster* army under Taaffe, on the field of Cnoc-na-noss, where Colkitto, alias Alaster McDonald, was cruelly assassinated after he had been made prisoner of war. To heighten still more this appalling state of affairs, there was a great scarcity of money throughout the country, and as agriculture had been neglected, famine, with its attendant train of horrors, threatened to sweep away the remnant of the population. No one, indeed, was more sensibly aware of this than the nunzio himself, but he counted on supplies of money and munitions from abroad, and on the support of Owen O'Neill's army, which, being entirely devoted to his views, would, as he thought, sooner or later, retrieve all losses and place him and the clergy once more in the ascendant. The supreme council of the confederates, however, thought otherwise, and could see no remedy for the wretched state of the country except in making peace with Inchiquin and gaining him over to their interests. A meeting was accordingly held at Kilkenny, to deliberate the preliminaries of this adjustment, and it was then resolved that French, bishop of Ferns, and Nicholas Plunket, should proceed to Rome with all possible haste, and submit to Innocent X. a report on the unhappy condition of Ireland, and a memorial, praying his holiness to expedite the supplies which the nunzio had already promised in his name. Meanwhile, the spiritual and temporal peers, together with the representatives of the lower house, had been summoned to Kilkenny, on the 23rd of April, 1648, to discuss the measures already taken to forward the cessation, and to effect, if possible, a union of Inchiquin's army with that of the confederates, that both might act in concert against the parliamentarians. Before proceeding, however, to the house of assembly, fourteen of the bishops met in the nunzio's residence, and there, after examining the proposed treaty, a large majority pronounced that, "as it gave no certain guarantee for the free and open exercise of the Catholic religion, and total abolition of all penal enactments against

* For an account of this battle v. "Haverty's Ireland." We may add that the nunzio calls Colkitto (famed in Scott's "Legend of Montrose") *Alessandro*.

Catholics, they could not in conscience subscribe it." Among those who condemned the cessation was John of Tuam, and his conduct on this occasion astonished the nunzio, for he had already signed the instructions, given by the supreme council to the commissioners whom they empowered to treat with Inchiquin.*

Strange, however, and inconsistent as it may appear, John of Tuam afterwards subscribed the articles of the cessation, and adopted the policy of the party opposed to the nunzio, justifying himself in a public instrument, which set forth "that he never repudiated the agreement with Inchiquin, but only certain clauses of it, which were subsequently altered and amended." The majority of the bishops, indeed, was with the nunzio, but of the eight who opposed him, the most conspicuous and formidable was the archbishop of Tuam, whose influence was duly appreciated by the adherents of lord Ormond.

Exasperated by the conduct of the supreme council, and apprehensive of his personal safety, the nunzio quitted Kilkenny soon after the cessation had been concluded, and betook himself to Maryborough, where Owen O'Neill's army lay encamped, in order to devise some measure which might, perhaps, crush the Ormondists, and prevent all good Catholics from marching under the banners of the perfidious Inchiquin and the temporizing Preston. Both had vowed eternal hostility to O'Neill and the nunzio himself, and surely, in this hour of their direst extremity, holy Church lacked not weapon wherewith to smite her oppressors, and protect her truest champions.

On the 7th of May, 1648, groups of the citizens of Kilkenny might be seen collected in front of St. Canice's, reading an ominous broad sheet, which had been hung out, early that morning, on the grand gate of the cathedral, by Massari, dean of Fermò, and auditor to the nunzio. Its purport was plain and intelligible to the humblest capacity—in a word, it was sentence of Excommunication and Interdict, fulminated from Kilmeen, by the nunzio, against all abettors of the truce with Inchiquin, and the members of the supreme council, who had brought about that fatal compact. The interdict forbade the opening of the churches, as well as the celebration of the divine mysteries, in all cities, towns, and villages which submitted to the peace; and all bishops and priests were commanded to proclaim this ordinance throughout the kingdom, chaplains of regiments being specially ordered to read it aloud in the camps for the soldiers serving under their respective generals.

The first consequence of this measure was quick desertion from Preston's ranks to the standard of O'Neill, for such of the troops of the former as were not "excommunication proof" quitted the Leinster general's camp, and went over in detachments to that of the northern chieftain, who had sworn fealty to the nunzio, and war to the last extremity with the perjured allies of Inchiquin. The supreme council, indeed, had good reason to dread O'Neill, who, with his army, was within twenty-four hours' march of Kilkenny, and they accordingly despatched letters under their great seal, be-

* Nunziatura, p. 307.

beseeching him to disregard the *censures*, but, to the consternation of the messenger, the Ulster general, after perusing the document, flung it into the fire, contemptuously, and commanded the bearer, if he valued life, to quit his camp with all possible speed—"Return," said he, "to Kilkenny, and tell your masters of the supreme council, that I regard them as violators of the oath of association, enemies to God and man, and justly smote by the sword of holy Church."

The supreme council, however, and the abettors of the peace, looked on the censures in a different light, alleging that the nunzio had not jurisdiction to proceed to such lengths; and in order to quiet the conscience of the populace, they interposed an appeal to Rome, pending the examination of which, as they gave out, the excommunication and interdict must necessarily be null, and of no effect. Some of the bishop's, (and they were the minority,) maintained this view of the case, and John of Tuam especially, with two of his suffragans, resolved to treat the sentence as uncanonical, and utterly unjustifiable. He, indeed, made no secret of his resistance to the nunzio, for when Clanricarde consulted him about levying troops to act against O'Neill, he quashed his lordship's scruples, and persuaded him that he was justified in marching against the man who professed his readiness to maintain the validity of the censurers* at the sword's point, as became a true and devoted soldier of the Church. Notwithstanding the opposition which the censures encountered from the dissentient bishops and lay chiefs in the supreme council, they were faithfully observed in many of the towns, but nowhere more so than in Galway, where the nunzio tarried some time before quitting the Irish shores. In that city, however, John of Tuam, with one of his suffragans and two friars of the discalced Carmelites, preached openly against the nunzio's authority and interdicts† but the mayor, warden, and populace were all on the side of the latter, whom they esteemed highly for his many excellent characteristics of head and heart. The archbishop, however, persevering in his resistance, caused the doors of the collegiate church to be forced open, and there officiated publicly, despite all remonstrances. This appeared to the nunzio so heinous a crime, that he charged his confessor to set out for Rome, and report the whole affair to the pope; suggesting, at the same time, that John of Tuam should be cited to the Holy See, to answer for his conduct. Another infringement of the nunzio's authority was also laid to his charge, inasmuch as he had celebrated, in the church of the Carmelites, who refused to observe the censures, and were excommunicated by the nunzio, in a full congregation of eight bishops, and thirty theologians, assembled within the walls of the town.‡ Hoping to remedy this sad imbroglio, the nunzio endeavoured to convene a synod in Galway, but Clanricarde and Inchiquin, acting for the supreme council, intercepted the bishops on the way, and then laid siege to the town, which, after capitulating, was obliged to contribute a large subsidy, in retaliation for its devotedness to the nunzio and rejection of the cessation.

* Nunziatura, p. 333.

† Ibid, p. 337.

‡ Ibid, p. 376.

In the midst of this weltering confusion, French and Plunket reached Kilkenny, on their return from Rome, the former bringing with him the pallium for John of Tuam, and both charged with letters from the pope to the bishops of Ireland. Before they had time, however, to communicate to the supreme council the result of their mission, they learnt that Massari had been imprisoned on three distinct charges, namely, publishing the censures, intercepting letters addressed to the spiritual and temporal peers, and capturing a ship belonging to the archduke Leopold of Belgium, while he (Massari) was entering the harbour of Waterford, on his return from Italy. French felt sorely hurt at this stern proceeding of the supreme council, and he lost no time in securing the sympathies of the archbishop of Tuam for the nunzio's auditor, who was indebted for his liberation to their united exertions, a fact of which he subsequently lost all remembrance, for as French pithily remarked—"Scivit beneficium sumere, et reddere nescivit," or, in other words, he proved himself dead to all sense of gratitude.

But at this juncture the state of the country was truly appalling, rent as it was between two conflicting factions—one maintaining the nunzio's censures, and the other insisting on the "cessation" with Inchiquin. "Altar," says French, an ocular witness, "was arrayed against altar, the clergy inveighing against each other, and the bishops and best theologians in the land maintaining different views of the validity of the censures. As for the populace, they hardly knew what side to take, or what guide to follow, for in one church they heard the advocates of the censures proclaim, 'Christ is here,' and in another, 'He is not *there*, but here with us who stand by the dissentient bishops, and the appeal to Rome against the nunzio's conduct.'*" The latter, indeed, imputed the blame of all this to John of Tuam, and made an ineffectual attempt to show him how much he detested his conduct in aiding any compact with Inchiquin.

Anticipating the arrival of Dr. French, and knowing that he was bearer of the pallium to John of Tuam, the nunzio despatched a letter * in cipher, to his secretary, then in Duncannon fort, telling him to inform the bishop that he was not to deliver the archiepiscopal insignia, till he had first communicated personally with him (the nunzio) then in Galway. That there might be no mistake in this grave matter, the secretary was further instructed to leave a copy of the letter, *deciphered*, with the chaplain of the fort, in case he himself might be absent when Dr. French landed, and relying on the faithful discharge of this order, the nunzio flattered himself that John of Tuam would be deprived of that sacred badge without which

* The description which Dr. French has left us of the state of parties at this period is so vivid, that we are induced to give his own words here: "proh dolor! altare contra altare; clerus in clerus; divisio inter se regni episcopis, ac theologis præstantissimis; non sine magno populi scandalo et ruina animarum. Fluctuabat simplex populus in hoc ecclesiasticorum certamine quem duces sequi deberet, dubius. In hoc templo predicabat quispiam 'Christus est hic,' in alio alter 'non ibi, sed hic est Christus et veritas, etc., etc.'"—Apologia ad Anon. (M.S.)

† Nunziatura, p. 371.

he could merely subscribe himself archbishop *elect*.* Whether the secretary or chaplain ever communicated this message to Dr. French does not appear, but it is certain that the latter carried out the instructions he had received at Rome, and accordingly delivered the pallium to John, archbishop of Tuam, in the cathedral of Kilkenny, on the 26th of August, 1648, the condition of the times dispensing, we may presume, with the law usually observed of conferring it in the metropolitan's own church, or at least within his province. Be that as it may, the nunzio was thwarted, and the partizans too, of the archbishop, we need hardly say, rejoiced at beholding him so honoured by the Holy See.†

Early in February, (1648.) just as the nunzio was waiting in Galway bay for a fair wind to waft him from the unhappy land, where, to use his own expression, "the sun is hardly ever seen," lord Ormond returned to Ireland to resume the viceroyalty, and organize the scattered forces of the confederates, to operate against the parliamentarians. As soon as his arrival was made known, John of Tuam, accompanied by the bishop of Ferns, waited on him at Carrick, and invited him to proceed without delay to Kilkenny, to enter on his new government. The viceroy graciously assented to the proposal, gave orders for a detachment of Inchiquin's heretic troops to garrison the castle of Kilkenny, where, on his arrival a few days afterwards, he dissolved the old confederation, and set about preparing for the coming campaign. With his usual craft, Ormond thought it expedient to retain some of the bishops in his council, and when John of Tuam and French of Ferns were proposed, they were duly sworn, but on the distinct understanding that they were to sink‡ their episcopal titles, and subscribe themselves in their proper name and surname. This, indeed, seems to have been an undignified compromise; for it must be borne in mind, that Ormond, on this occasion, guaranteed the open exercise of the Catholic religion, possession of the churches with their revenues, and many other advantages contingent on the success that might be achieved by the catholic forces. None of these things were expressly mentioned by the viceroy in any of his former treaties; and the nunzio, writing from Rouen, attributed these ample concessions "to the censures," which, said he, "so terrified the bishops and laity, that they resolved to secure all they could, and make terms which should be irrevocable."§

The articles of this peace between Ormond and the prelates were ratified by Charles II. at the Hague, in March, 1649; but the faithless monarch after his Irish forces had been beaten by Cromwell at Drogheda, Wexford,

* *Electi vero ad metropolitanas ecclesias non ante archiepiscopi appellari possunt, quam pallium recipiunt.* Rit. Rom.

† In justice to Dr. French it must be admitted, that the nunzio acquitted him of any premeditated disrespect of his authority in this mistake about the pallium, which he attributes to the forgetfulness or neglect of the chaplain of Duncannon fort. The letter which the nunzio wrote on this subject proves that he was a man of scrupulous honour and tender conscience. v. Nunz., p. 371.

‡ Remarking on this, the nunzio very wisely observed that it was in itself a violation by Ormond of the very articles to which he had agreed. Nunz., p. 369.

§ Nunziatura, p. 368.

and elsewhere, basely truckling to the Scotch covenanters, recalled all concessions made in favour of the Catholics, and declared the act of his lieutenant in that regard null and of no effect. The Irish bishops now found that Ormond was not to be trusted—many of them believing that he had counselled the king to violate his royal word so solemnly pledged—and they, therefore, assembled at Jamestown, about the beginning of August, 1650, and decreed that they would reconstruct the old confederacy, and thenceforth hold themselves independent of the viceroy, whom they now regarded as an enemy to themselves and their religion. This declaration was signed by fifteen bishops, among whom was John of Tuam. On the eleventh of the same month, the assembly still sitting at Jamestown, elected six commissioners to treat with the Duke of Lorraine, and invite him to land forces in Ireland, then almost entirely in the power of the Cromwellians, and among the advocates of this invasion none proved himself more demonstrative than the archbishop of Tuam. In November, immediately following, the prelates adjourned to Loughreagh, and there subscribed a public instrument teeming with professions of loyalty to the king, and beseeching lord Ormond to transfer the viceroyalty to a catholic. John of Tuam signed this important document, and towards the close of 1650, he had the satisfaction of seeing Ulick de Burgo, earl of Clanricarde, installed in the high dignity vacated by Ormond. The negotiation with the duke of Lorraine was now actively prosecuted by the new viceroy, French, bishop of Ferns,* and others having been commissioned to proceed to Pont-a-Mousson, to hasten the protectorate, but, as we have already said in a former paper, the business came to nothing, owing to the imprudence of the Irish agents, or perhaps the reluctance of Clanricarde, who had no real desire to see foreign soldiers garrisoning Ireland. Whether he had or had not made little matter, for Sir Charles Coote put an end to the whole project by marching on Galway, into which he drove Clanricarde's outposts on the 12th of August, 1651, and then pitched his camp within a few hundred yards of the walls.

During the siege, or rather blockade, the bishops and clergy from every part of Ireland took refuge in the town, and among the former was John of Tuam. At length, after a gallant resistance, extending over nine months, Galway capitulated, and opened its gates to the parliamentary troops, on the 12th of April, 1652. Foreseeing that the Cromwellians would not keep faith with the inhabitants, the archbishop made his escape out of the town as Stubbers' soldiers were entering it, and hurried off to Ballymote, in the neighbourhood of which place he lay concealed till 1654, when he was arrested and brought under escort back to Galway, where, after being robbed of his ring and other valuables, he was flung into a noisome prison,†

* This prelate has left us a brief account of the capture of Wexford, by Cromwell, but makes no mention of the massacre of the women in the Bull Ring. Indeed, all *contemporary* writers are silent about any such occurrence, and a *vague* tradition is the only foundation on which the statement rests.

† For a minute account of the cruel treatment experienced by the inhabitants of Galway during the Cromwellian occupation, see "Lynch's Life of Kieran, bishop of Killala." Dublin: J. Duffy.

overcrowded by numbers of the clergy and the chief nobility of the land. In this place he had an attack of paralysis, but notwithstanding the dangerous nature of his malady, he was detained there till August of the following year, when, with many others, he was put on board ship and landed on the coast of Normandy. He then made his way to Nantes, where he resided five years, maintained by the alms of the French committee formed for the relief of the distressed and expatriated Irish. From Nantes he removed to Dinan, in order to be near St. Malo, a port then much frequented by Irish merchants, from whom he could learn how it fared with his unhappy country. After a year's sojourn in the latter place, he resolved to brave all risk and return to Ireland; for, notwithstanding the many infirmities under which he laboured, he desired nothing so much as to spend the remnant of his days among his scattered flock. The pains and penalties of exile were bitter enough, but still more bitter would it have been for him to fill an exile's grave, far away from the shrine of St. Jarlath, and that venerable cathedral of St. Mary, for whose restoration he had done so much. He accordingly set sail from St. Malo, about the beginning of 1663, and eventually reached Dublin, after a hard and tedious passage of fourteen days. The moment his arrival in the metropolis was made known, he was visited by Peter Walsh, the semi-apostate Franciscan, who, presuming on his influence with the viceroy, impertinently rated him for daring to return without permission. Walsh's grand aim was to get the archbishop to sign his famous Remonstrance, but all his arguments were unavailing; and the only answer he could extort from the aged prelate was, "that he had come back to Ireland to lie down at rest in his grave and native soil." In vain did Walsh remind him of his opposition to the nunzio's censures, and the declaration he had subscribed at Jamestown, against lord Ormond; for, although the archbishop knew the latter was one of those base-minded men who pride themselves on treasuring up the remembrance of a wrong, and ignoring that noblest revenge—forgiveness—he could not be moved by any threat or insinuation, and merely requested his tormentor to present his respects to the viceroy, and tell him that he dutifully craved leave to remain in Ireland "for so short a time as he had to drag on a miserable existence, and end it by a death more welcome, which he hourly expected."

What precise answer Ormond may have returned does not appear, but it is certain that he ordered the archbishop to leave Dublin with all possible haste. Worn down by many infirmities, he was unable to proceed on his journey on horseback, and consequently had to be carried by slow marches, in a litter, till he reached the neighbourhood of Tuam, where a kind friend had prepared a humble residence for him. The archiepiscopal palace, we need hardly say, was closed against him, for it was then occupied by Pullen, the protestant prelate, who, on getting possession of it, could not conceal his admiration of the man who exhibited such refined taste in its decora-

* Walsh's Rem., p. 58.

tion and appointments. In the course of the following years, (1665—6) John of Tuam was more than once importuned by Plunket, bishop of Ardagh, and others, to meet them in Dublin, "for the purpose of giving his majesty assurances of their future fidelity in all temporal causes and contingencies," but neither his health nor inclinations would allow him to take any part in these proceedings, in which he knew right well that Walsh was prime mover. He replied, however, at considerable length to the bishop of Ardagh; and the letters † he wrote on those occasions may justly be regarded as evidences of sound sense and a thorough acquaintance with the English language, such, indeed, as is rarely met with in the epistolary compositions of our times. He had done with politics, and nothing now remained for him but to make preparation for his appearance at that bar to which O'Neill, Rinuccini, and many others of the great men, with whom it was his lot to differ, had been summoned long before. Exhausted by sufferings and old age, he seldom left the house in which he found refuge after his arrival in the metropolis of his see, but he attended, nevertheless, as far as his increasing ailments allowed, to the discharge of his episcopal functions—confirming the young, and consecrating the holy oils, not only for his own diocese but also for that of Cashel, not, indeed, on holy Thursday, but eight days previously, by virtue of a special privilege he obtained from the Holy See, after having first sought and received (*ad cautelam*) absolution from the nunzio's censures. During the last days of his life, when he himself was no longer able to officiate, he had Mass celebrated in his chamber daily by Father Thomas Quin, a Jesuit, who remained constantly at his bedside, ministering to his comforts, and witnessing the resignation with which the illustrious patient submitted to excruciating agony, for which leech-craft had no anodyne. In an interval, however, of comparative freedom from pain, it occurred to him that he should make arrangements for his interment, and, as he knew that he might not hope to lay his bones with his predecessors, he gave directions to have the oratory of St. Jarlath—situated on the right hand side of the cathedral, but detached from that building—re-roofed with tiles, for the purchase of which he furnished money, and duly provided with all the requirements of a mortuary chamber. This being accomplished, he received the last rites of the Church, and then passed to the better life on the fourth of April, 1667, after he had completed his seventy-seventh year. His death occurred on holy Thursday, and on Easter Eve his mortal remains were borne processionally to the place he himself had chosen, and from which the reliquary of St. Jarlath had been long before removed by some pious hand, to guard it against desecration. Roger O'Flaherty composed an epitaph for this illustrious prelate, as did also the celebrated medical doctor O'Meara, and we subjoin both for the gratification of our readers:

† They will be found in Walsh's Remonstrance and elsewhere.

(O'FLAHERTY.)

"POST SEX UNDECIES SEXCENTAS MILLEQUE BRUMAS
 APRILIS QUARTA PROXIMIORE DIE
 IN CENA DOMINI DOMINUS TUAMENSIS JESU
 FIT COMMENSALIS CUI FAMULATUS ERAT."

(O'MEARA.)

"BURGIUS EXCUSO VIDUAM RECTORE CAPESSIT
 LUCTANTEM PELAGO TURBINIBUSQUE RATEM
 QUI FACILI SOLERS FLUCTUS ELUDERE FLEXU
 OBVIUS ADVERSO NON AMAT IRE SALO
 HAC ILLE ARTE GREGEM SERVAT SINE VULNERE VICTOR
 QUI TANDEM IN PORTU SOSPITE SERUS OBIT
 PRO GREGE CERTANTEM PASTOREM OCCUMBERE PULCHRUM EST
 UTILIUS SALVO EST CONSENSUISSE GREGI."

M.

CHRISTIAN ART

Does an artist necessarily cramp his genius by a close adherence to nature or to the facts of history? Some say he does, but we venture to think otherwise. As to nature, its resources, in point of beauty and effect, are boundless, and if these be judiciously applied, the work of imitative art is enhanced in value and interest the nearer it approaches to it; while of historical accuracy we may use the common phrase that, "truth is often stranger than fiction," or the incidents of history, related with exactitude, more curious than any we might substitute for them. The well-educated mind, habituated to think accurately, and to frame the creations of its imagination according to nature and fact, will, if endowed with artistic genius, design works in painting or sculpture as free, and grand, and beautiful, as those produced without the so-called "trammels" of accuracy, and which, moreover, will not offend the eye of the well-informed by their anachronisms or improbability. From the earliest days of their art, painters have, we believe, been in the habit of stretching the poetic licence beyond its just limits. "Painters and poets," says Horace,

"our indulgence claim,
 Their daring equal, and their art the same."

while, with the same authority, we willingly add,

"I own the indulgence—such I give and take;
 But not through Nature's sacred rules to break."

Ecclesiastical writers have occasionally administered a gentle reproof to the painters for this propensity to transgress unnecessarily the bounds of

truth ; but only a gentle one ; for art has always been a favoured hand-maiden of religion, and the faults of artists have been easily forgiven. One writer, indeed, uses the strong expression, "*Pictores audax hominum genus*"—"painters are an audacious race;" and we remember to have somewhere seen an essay, entitled "Scriptural Truth Vindicated against the Errors of Painting," in which we expected nothing less than to find a charge of heresy brought home against our favourite art. But we only mention these things, for the purpose of showing that there is some ground for the strictures that will be found in the present article. The vast subject of "Christian Art" has many points of view, of which, for the present, we select only one. To more refined minds and eloquent pens, like those of Mrs. Jameson, we leave the delightful duty of descanting on its beauties. Ours is the less genial task of fault-finding, which, however, shall be neither cynical, nor ill-natured, nor presumptuous.

In France, eminent archæologists have devoted their attention to Christian art, and by their learning and researches, have thrown a flood of light upon the subject ; but their works only excite the interest of the ecclesiologist. The practical painter or sculptor seldom troubles himself about them. Those of the pre-raphaelite school are an exception, and their learning is censured as a fault. Artists, who draw all their traditions from the ancient Greeks, or from the masters of the Renaissance, claim nature to be their only model, but it is sensual nature, which we object to in Christian, that is, in religious art. Classic art was, of course, pagan, and in its essence sensual. Christian art should be neither the one nor the other, and yet it is very often both. An eminent sculptor, who borrowed all his ideas of art from the pagan school, was in the habit of saying "that the figure of the dead Christ should be something between an Adonis and a Bacchus!" The expression grated strangely on the ears of any one with religious feelings ; and the idea, although more excusable in the sculptor, whose art deals almost exclusively with form, than in a painter who can make other elements of nature auxiliary to his art, showed how utterly different was the conception of such an artist from the image which the Christian forms in his mind of his suffering Redeemer after his body had been emaciated by fasting, his flesh torn by scourges, and his hands and feet disfigured by the nails of the cross !

We must yield something, nay even a good deal, to what is called refined taste, but we must not yield everything. Now, an artist seems to us to yield too much, who, in painting the Crucifixion, is afraid to exhibit one drop of that sacred blood which flowed from every pore of the Redeemer, and which must have then covered his sacred body from head to foot. He is right to some extent in consulting the more delicate feelings of the spectator, for it is probable that the picture, if painted with fidelity, would be too terrible—too shocking—to look upon ; but, at the same time, he is not to conceal all that Christ suffered in his passion—all the effect of the agony in the garden, and of the scourging at the pillar, and of the crowning with thorns, and of the struggle under the heavy cross along the Via Dolorosa. How often do we see what is called a fine picture

of the Crucifixion, in which there is nothing to be praised but the anatomical study of the muscles, without any attempt to address the heart by expression, or by a faithful representation of the awful scene. In a religious picture, we expect the artist to appeal, not to the senses alone, but to faith, divine love, and other religious sentiments; and when this is done effectually, by one who possesses skill and genius equal to the task, then, indeed, does art fulfil its very highest mission, and preach a sermon which always endures—which is intelligible to the high and the low, without difference of grade, or nation, or language. Fine drawing, colouring, composition, chiaro-scuro, and skilful manipulation, are all necessary for success; but if a display of these qualities be the *finis ultimus* which the painter aims at, then does he fail in the most glorious duty of his profession.

Painters treat the circumstances of the crucifixion in a great variety of ways. Sometimes the cross has the shape of the letter T; but it is more probable that it was composed of two pieces of timber crossing each other, so as to present four arms and not three; and it is thus referred to by the holy fathers. Sometimes the feet of our Lord are placed one upon the other, and represented as fastened to the cross with one nail, which, in that case, must have been a very large one; but we believe the traditions of the Church are opposed to this method, and that the oldest paintings represent our Lord as fastened to the cross with four nails, that is, with one through each of the feet. The manner in which the executioners crucified the Saviour is also differently represented. Sometimes it is done by means of ladders, the cross being previously planted firmly in the earth; but at other times, and more frequently, the cross is laid flat on the earth, to be raised by ropes after the body of our Lord has been attached to it. This latter method is the one most consistent with the traditions of the Church. The two thieves are frequently represented as fastened to their crosses by ropes, instead of nails, but this is expressly contrary to ecclesiastical tradition; and we have no reason to believe that there was any material difference in the manner of their crucifixion from that adopted with our Lord. In some very ancient paintings, the lower part of the body of the Redeemer is covered with a wide and loose piece of drapery, which completely conceals the limbs, except where the nails are visible in the feet; but this is a peculiarity which we cannot expect modern artists to imitate. For the first few centuries after the Christian era, there was scarcely any attempt made to delineate the crucifixion, the subject being held too sacred, and belonging, as it were, to what was well known in the primitive Church as the Discipline of the Secret. Reference was made to it in sculptures and frescoes, by means of symbols; and some antiquaries have held that there exists no representation of Christ on the Cross older than the ninth century. This latter opinion is not, however, strictly true. In the *Roma Subterranea* will be found an engraving from a fresco of the fourth century, in the cemetery of St. Julius, Pope, on the Flaminian Way, in which our Redeemer is represented hanging on the cross, his hands and feet transixed by four nails, and the Blessed Virgin and St. John standing at either side of the cross.

Painters frequently fall into error with respect to the topography of the scene of our Lord's death. Now, there is no excuse for not knowing that Calvary is situated to the west of Jerusalem, and as our Lord was crucified with his back to the city, (as a sign of its reprobation,) his face was consequently turned towards the west, his right hand to the north, and his left to the south. The city should appear in the immediate background; and in the distance beyond it, the triple-headed Mount of Olives, with olive gardens on its sides, forms a most picturesque object. In the middle distance, between the spectator and the mountain, the temple is seen in all the grandeur of its proportions, presenting most probably the appearance of one of the magnificent Greek temples of Palmyra and Heliopolis, of which wonderous ruins are still to be seen in the Syrian deserts. To the south of the temple, that is to the spectator's right, but in the distance, may be introduced the elevated part of Jerusalem, called Mount Sion, or the City of David, which is separated by a deep depression from the eminence on which the temple stands. But nothing can be more absurd than to place the sun opposite the spectator, that is, in the east, although the scene took place in the afternoon, when that luminary must have been behind the spectator's back. Old painters introduce both the sun and moon in a state of eclipse, and are criticised as if they were thus guilty of a grievous astronomical blunder—but as the eclipse is admitted to have been miraculous, the mediæval artists are justified in this point.

Many old painters, and some moderns, (witness the fine engraving of Steuben's *Christ au Calvaire*,) have represented the Blessed Virgin as fainting near the cross, a circumstance in which they are directly opposed to the opinion of the holy fathers and of the Church in general. The gospel tells us that the divine Mother *stood* by the cross of her Son, but the supposition that she fainted, or indulged in violent exclamations or gesticulations of grief, is wholly inconsistent with her character. The power of expressing the profound but mute sorrow which is confined to the heart, or manifested in scarcely any feature but the eye alone, is not a gift bestowed on every one, even of the great masters of art. Let the reader compare the well-known engraving of the "Dead Christ," by Anibal Caracci, with that of the same subject, by Pietro Perugino, and he will have the most decided contrast by which the power alluded to could be illustrated. In the former, the demonstration of anguish is external, boisterous, and human; in the latter, mute, solemn, intense, and holy. We have sometimes seen, even in sculpture, little naked cherubs drying their tears with handkerchiefs for want of a better mode of expressing grief—*risum teneatis amici!*

The title which Pilate placed on the cross, over the head of the Redeemer, was written in full, and in three languages, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but the custom with us of putting only the initial letters of the Latin sentence, I.N.R.I., has been so established that we need scarcely expect to see the inscription given in any other shape. From time immemorial it has been customary to place a skull near the foot of the cross. This originally referred to the ancient Jewish tradition, that the head of

Adam was buried on Calvary, whence the name Golgotha, which, as well as Calvary, signifies baldness, or a bald head; but in subsequent times the skull and crossed bones, which accompanied it, were explained as emblematic of death, over which Christ triumphed by dying for us. Some modern painters have only introduced the skull as that of one of the dead who arose from their tombs when our Lord expired.

In pictures of the "Entombment of Christ," and of the "Resurrection," it would be very desirable that the artist should study the shape of the Jewish tombs, a thing easy enough at the present day, with all the illustrated works about the east, which have been published. In pictures of the "Resurrection," the idea which the Scripture would convey, is seldom preserved. Thus, the stone is usually represented as already removed from the door of the monument, although that was only done by the angel when the holy women approached it in the morning; and the soldiers, who guarded the monument, are painted either in a state of great alarm, or else as buried in a profound sleep, neither of which circumstances is consistent with truth. The body of Christ rose glorious and impassible from the dead, without disturbing the door of the monument, and without giving any intimation whatever to the guards; nor is it at all probable that these, who were Roman soldiers, should have been so wanting in discipline as to have slept at their post. The panic of the guards took place when the angel came to roll away the stone. It is also incorrect to represent the Blessed Virgin as one of the holy women who visited the tomb on Easter morning. The opinion of all spiritual writers is, that the first manifestation of Christ risen was made to his Blessed Mother, in her chamber, on Easter Sunday morning, and the subject is thus very properly represented by some modern painters of the mystic school.

In pictures of the "Ascension," we sometimes see the angels who surround our Lord, assisting him, as it were, to mount upwards, although we know that Christ ascended into heaven by his own inherent power. This may surely be called a misapplication of the poetic licence.

Coming, in the next place, to representations of the Blessed Virgin, we may observe, once for all, that there is no subject in which the sensual spirit of modern art is so sure to err. The artist should, by all means, represent the Immaculate Virgin as beautiful—her beauty cannot be too perfect—but it should be such beauty as raises the mind of the beholder to heaven; beauty combined with profoundest modesty, and humility, and piety, full of intellect and thoughtfulness; mournful, even when lighted by the expression of the mother's fondest love for her Divine Child; and finally full of compassion, of that expression which inspires the spectator with a loving confidence. It is not easy to express all this; it is not in human art to express it sufficiently well; but it is infinitely better to aim at the perfect delineation of such sentiments than to try to paint the perfection of mere natural female loveliness. How often, even in the works of the greatest masters, and in pictures which it is impossible to admire too much for their artistic perfection, do we still see the Blessed Virgin painted in a style wholly unlike what a Christian mind conceives of the appearance of the holy

Mother of God. Look at the Madonnas of Raphael, for instance. Their beauty, it is true, is inimitable, but it is too human, too voluptuous; and the bare neck and bosom, hair falling loose, and light drapery, are utterly inexcusable in a religious point of view. How anomalous is a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*, with heart pierced by the sword of sorrow, but with plump face and muscles that would seem never to have known a single hour of anguish!

It would be difficult to determine the origin of the conventional blue cloak and red or pink tunic, in which the figure of the Blessed Virgin is almost invariably dressed. The custom is very ancient, but cannot have originated with any well grounded tradition of the apostolic times. On the contrary, nothing can be more improbable than that such were the colours worn by the Blessed Virgin. They are not consistent with her simplicity of manners, nor with oriental costume. According to some very respectable popular traditions, the Blessed Virgin wore a brown dress, the colour always used in the scapular of the Carmelites, which, according to ancient authorities, was received originally from the Blessed Virgin herself; while there is also popular tradition in favour of blue, as the Blessed Virgin's favourite colour. In the east the use of white woollen and linen stuffs in female habiliments is almost universal; and by men also, woollen cloth of the natural colour is much used, one or more coloured stripes being inserted by way of a selvage, which forms the border of the cloak or other garment. Since the French became familiar with oriental costumes and manners in Algeria, their artists have studied the subject carefully, and their recent pictures exhibit even an affectation of accuracy in that respect; but the drapery of red and blue, in pictures of the Blessed Virgin, is so long established that a deviation from it is scarcely to be expected.

Nicephorus Callistus, a Greek historian of the fourteenth century, who collected the most ancient traditions of the primitive Church in the east, pretends to give us an account of the personal appearance, as well of the Blessed Virgin as of our Lord. He says she was straight and rather above the middle height. Her complexion was, of course, eastern, not the European blonde; but, as he describes it, "resembling the colour of wheat." Her hair was golden; her eyes penetrating and yellowish, the pupils being olive, and the eye-brows arched and black; the nose rather long, and the lips ruddy and of a sweet expression; the face somewhat long, and the hands and fingers also long. There was a total absence of anything like haughtiness, or affectation, or sensuality in her countenance; but, on the contrary, simplicity, purity, and humility in the highest degree were depicted in her features and demeanour. "Her garments," he adds, "were woollen, and of the natural (undyed) colour, and she displayed in all things a heavenly grace." (Nicephor. Call. Hist. Eccl., lib. 2.) The same Nicephorus mentions particularly the pictures of the Blessed Virgin attributed to St. Luke; for which also we have a much older authority; as Theodorus, the Lector of Constantinople, a writer of the sixth century, states that Eudoxia sent to the Empress Pulcheria, from Jerusalem, a picture of the Mother of God,

painted by St. Luke, who, as ecclesiastical writers observe, shows by the passages of his gospel, which he must have derived from the lips of the Blessed Virgin herself, that he had ample opportunity of delineating her sacred features. Nor is it at all probable, whether we choose to place reliance on the words of Nicephorus or not, that the early Christians would have allowed the tradition of her personal appearance to escape altogether from their memory. Where we have to deal only with ordinary human nature, it is the privilege of the artist to exalt and idealize his model; but in endeavouring to impress on the canvas or the marble the features of the divine Mother all his efforts, on the contrary, must fall immeasurably short of the truth, for it is quite certain that no human art could do justice to that ineffable expression which her own singular holiness, and her long and most intimate intercourse with her Son—the Incarnate God—must have imprinted on her countenance.

Pictures of the "Immaculate Conception" are often, but most erroneously, confounded with those of the "Assumption." The former subject is a purely mystical one. The Blessed Virgin is there represented mystically in the first moment of her existence as a pure and perfect creature, in mid-heavens, according to the description given by St. John, in the Apocalypse, of the "great sign which appeared in heaven—a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." This was a favourite subject in the Spanish school, and especially with the great master Murillo. In pictures of this subject, the Blessed Virgin is always represented as very young, of brilliant beauty, with up-turned countenance beaming with joy and divine contemplation; her hair floating on the wind, her robes of snowy whiteness, sometimes spangled with golden flowers, and a rich blue mantle spread in ample folds against the azure of heaven. She is generally surrounded by a multitude of the cherubim, and appears standing on the convexity of the moon; although artists frequently make the mistake of placing her feet on the concave side of the crescent. Such are the pictures of the Immaculate Conception.

In those of the "Assumption," on the contrary, the Blessed Virgin is represented as carried up to heaven by angels, or conducted thither by her Divine Son; she is much older than in pictures of the "Immaculate Conception;" her garments also resemble those which she wore on earth, but in her whole appearance the artist endeavours to show that she has entered on the glorified existence, and the sadness which characterized her expression upon earth is no longer found in her countenance.

Pictures of the "Annunciation" sometimes show us the Blessed Virgin seated at her domestic work, or standing and veiling her face from the angel, or about to fly from his presence, all which is in very bad taste, though authorities might be quoted for each of these methods from the apocryphal gospels. We may take it for granted she was praying, as we find that other holy personages in Scripture were, when honoured by a visit from God's messenger. The angel Gabriel is sometimes represented as a child, and sometimes as an old man, neither of which extremes is at all commendable. The best artists have represented him in all the beauty

and modesty of youth, his robes graceful and flowing, and his wings of brilliant colours, and he is drawn kneeling while pronouncing the words, "Hail! full of grace." It is a mistake to paint the modest chamber of the Holy Virgin as the interior of a palace, with fine architecture, costly hangings and cushions, etc., and her own robes as rich and showy; while the idea adopted by some artists, who represent an infant descending from heaven towards the Blessed Virgin at the Annunciation, as if the Son of God had been already incarnate, must be altogether condemned. It conveys, in fact, a notion contrary to faith.

Grave errors are also frequently to be detected in pictures of the Visitation. In these St. Joseph is sometimes introduced as present, in which case he could not be ignorant of the mystery of the Incarnation, which formed the subject of the salutation of the Blessed Virgin by her cousin, St. Elizabeth; although we know from Scripture, that he actually did remain ignorant on that point, until it was revealed to him by an angel three months after. Nor is the blunder less to represent St. Joseph and St. Zachary in conversation on the occasion, seeing that, according to the gospel, the latter remained dumb from the conception to the birth of St. John the Baptist. The interview between the Blessed Virgin and St. Elizabeth took place in the interior of the house, not in the open air, as we frequently see in pictures. The Scripture tells us that our Lady entered into the house of her cousin.

In scenes in which the interior of the temple is represented, artists too frequently manifest a total indifference to the researches of archeologists as to the style and appearance of that sacred edifice. The ark of the covenant was not in existence from the time of the Babylonian captivity, and it is therefore wrong to introduce it, as we sometimes see done, into a picture relating to the period of the Christian era. Such a solecism would be unpardonable in a writer, and why artists should be less amenable for historical accuracy than other people does not appear. When an artist undertakes to paint a Scriptural subject, it is surely worth his while to prepare himself by the study of eastern scenery, costumes, and manners; yet how seldom is this done! seldom at least by the old artists. The old Dutch and Flemish painters frequently draped the ancient Jews and Romans like sturdy citizens of Antwerp or Amsterdam; but though we do not admire the efforts of their vigorous pencils the less on that account, still, such anomalies would scarcely be tolerated in a work of the present day.

The Jews prayed with head covered, and standing; though they also frequently used the attitude of prostration, touching the ground with the forehead; but kneeling was not a usual posture. Hence we see how incorrect is the mode generally adopted by painters in representing the publican, or other persons mentioned in Scripture, as praying in a kneeling attitude, and with uncovered head, in the manner of Christians. Our Lord fell prostrate on the earth, in his agony in the garden; and in very earnest prayer, this would seem to have been generally the posture; yet in none of the finest pictures of the scene at Gethsemane do we find it adopted. Perhaps we should admit that it could not be employed in art as it would ne-

cessarily conceal the features, and in the case of our Lord's prayer it would be deficient in dignity.

On the whole, it is not a sound criticism that would exact too much accuracy in the historical or other accidents of a work of art. The most beautiful pictures of the greatest masters would, on such a principle, be condemned. But a constant sacrificing of truth to the "poetic licence," merely to gratify a whim or caprice, and where none of the requirements of art are materially served, is undoubtedly deserving of censure. In many charming *chefs d'œuvre* we see the infants Jesus and St. John the Baptist playing together, although it is most probable that our Lord never met St. John until he presented himself to be baptized by him in the Jordan. But if the licence be allowable in this case, it should not be extended to the custom of painting both children in a state of total nudity. To a skilful artist it is quite possible to preserve the lines of beauty in a draped figure, and were it even otherwise, it is better to sacrifice beauty than decorum in a religious picture.

St. John the Baptist is frequently represented, while preaching in the wilderness, as almost naked, or as clothed with the skin of an animal. He went out into the desert, when he had barely passed the years of childhood, and always remained there; wherefore we have said it is not probable that our Lord ever met him before his baptism; but as to his raiment, the Scripture expressly tells us that he wore a garment of camel's hair, that is, of coarse hair-cloth like that worn subsequently by Christian anchorites; and it was fastened round his loins by a leathern girdle. There can be little doubt that his clothing reached to his feet, as became the dignity of his mission. Finally, the decollation of the Baptist took place, according to the Scripture, in the prison, not in the palace of Herod, or in the open country, as painters have sometimes represented it.

Artists love to paint St. Joseph as a decrepid old man at the time of our Lord's nativity; but ecclesiastical writers, on the contrary, generally hold that the protector of the infant Jesus and his Immaculate Mother was in the prime of life, when the sacred and arduous duty of caring those holy personages devolved upon him. St. Epiphanius, guided by the protevangelion of James, and the gospel of the birth of Mary, both apocryphal books, and of no authority, asserted that St. Joseph was an octogenarian when he espoused the Blessed Virgin, but he is not followed by other writers of any weight, and the contrary opinion is held by all the best modern theologians. The point will be found amply discussed, and all the authorities quoted in Vallej's admirable "Life of St. Joseph," of which a translation has been published by Mr. Duffy.

This subject of Christian art, is as fascinating as it is inexhaustible, but our limits will not permit us to enter more fully even into that single section of it to which we have here confined ourselves. We have enumerated some of the errors in point of learning or judgment into which artists are apt to fall in religious subjects. We have done so at the risk of being charged with gothicism, in some of our observations—but there are still other elements of success in religious art, which it would be presumptuous on our part to ex-

patiate upon, and which are, nevertheless, of primary importance. Religious art fails in its highest aim if it do not instruct the understanding and move the heart; but how is an artist to do this unless he both understands and feels his subject himself? He may please the eye and amuse the imagination, but if he do not feel himself, he cannot make others feel.

*Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.*

"If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrows."

Even in the simplest landscape, artists tell us that they must feel the subject to succeed. How, then, should it be otherwise in the very highest walk of art? If a man devotes almost his whole professional life to profane subjects, and has the misfortune to be indifferent upon religious matters, if not wholly destitute of faith, how is he to take up his pencil all at once and depict effectively some of the most touching or most profound mysteries of religion? Great genius, a gift of rare occurrence, may, perchance, supply the moral deficiency, but in the too probable absence of that also, we have a sufficient explanation of the coldness and feebleness of so many attempts at religious art, on the walls of our churches and public galleries.

OUR SHEPHERDS.

"*Os habent, et non loquuntur :
Oculos habent, et non vident.*"

DEAD—dead! Ye are dead while ye live;
Ye've a name that ye live, but are dead.
Neither counsel nor love did ye give,
And your lips never uttered a word
While swift ruin downwards sped,
And the plague raged on undisturbed.
Not a throb of true life in your veins,
Not a pulse in your passionless heart,
Not a thought in the dull, cold brains
Of how ye should bear your part,
When summoned the strife to brave,
For our country, with Death and the Grave.

Ye have gold for the follies of fashion,
And gold for its tinsel glare,
But none for the wild-sobbing passion
Wrung from the lips of despair.

False Shepherds and Guides are ye,
 For the heart in your bosom is cold
 As the ice on a frozen sea;
 And your trappings of velvet and gold
 Lie heavy and close as a pall,
 When the steps of the bearers fall
 On a grave, with measured tread,
 For ye seem to live—but are dead.

Ye are dead—ye are dead! stone by stone
 The temple is crumbling down;
 It will fall with a crash of doom,
 For the night deepens dark in its gloom.
 But ye look on with vacant stare,
 Like men lying still in the tomb.
 Stand forth! face the sun if ye dare,
 With your cold eyes unwet by a tear,
 For your country laid low on her bier,
 And say—have ye stretched forth a hand
 To raise up our desolate land?

She dies—but ye flourish and grow
 In the midst of the deadly maze;
 Like the palm springing heavenward?—No,
 But like weeds in the church-yard fed
 By the vapours of death below,
 Breathing round you a poisonous haze.
 Go—go! True life is not so—
 For decay lies beneath your tread,
 And the staff in your hand is a reed—
 Too weak for your country's need,
 For you seem to live—but are dead.

Ye are dead—ye are dead! Fling the clay
 On the noble names—noble no more;
 Leave the sword in the sheath to rust,
 Let the banners be trailed in the dust;
 And the memory perish away
 Of the dead, who are dead evermore;
 Blot them out from the book writ in gold.
 Noble neither in deed nor in soul,
 Are ye worthy to stand in the roll
 Of the glorified heroes of old?

Has Ireland need of such sons?
 Floating down, with a silken sail,
 On the crimson tide of her life, that runs
 With a mournful, ceaseless wail,

Like rain pouring down from the eaves.
 And ye laugh when the strangers deride
 Her trials, the saddest and sorest,
 And plunge the sword deep in her side;
 And no kindly heart sighs or grieves
 For her branches, all bare as a forest,
 When the autumn wind scatters the leaves.

Laugh low with your perfumed breath,
 For the air is heavy with death.
 But ye hear not the gliding feet
 Of the Future, that stands at your door;
 For the roses lie heavy and sweet,
 And too thick on your marble floor,
 And the dead soul is dead to his call.
 And your eyes are heavy with wine;
 Ye see not the letters of flame,
 Traced by a hand divine—
 The writing of God on the wall—
 "*Ye are weighed and found wanting*"—Oh, shame!
 Your life is a gilded lie;
 And the wide world that doom has read,
 With a shudder and chill of dread;
 For the judgment of God is nigh,
 And the universe echoes the cry—
 You've a name that ye live, but are DEAD.

SPERANZA.

A PRINCE OF ELOQUENCE.

LACORDAIRE.

THERE was a king in France besides Napoleon III., perhaps not so powerful in the temporal way—yet, it may be superior, in a superior kingdom—the empire of the mind. Eloquence is a glorious gift, the wand of power wherewith God invests the unselfish man to proclaim His ways to men, and unveil the secrets of His great love. We speak of true eloquence—that which emanates from a mind aspiring to and in communion with the supreme good. Eloquence may save from wrong and vindicate the oppressed: it is still true; but a fluency of speech which invests error and oppression with plausibility, may be captivating, but it is false, and never can enthrall the upright mind. We speak of one who was, in our day, a prince of true eloquence, whose name is beloved not only abroad, but cherished in his native land—a test which proves that those who had him near in view were convinced that his acts corresponded with his words. His name is

Henri Dominique Lacordaire, a barrister, priest, and chief of the Dominican order in France. We may apply to his memory the words of a poet, addressed to the statue of St. Carlo Borromeo, at Arona:—

“True fame is this:—through love, and love alone,
To stand thus honoured where we first saw day;
True puissance this; the hand of lawful sway
In love alone to lift, that hand whereon,
Dove-like, eternal peace hath fixed her throne,
And whence her blessing wings o’er earth its way;
True rule to God belongs. Who share it? They
Through whom God’s gifts on human kind are strewn.”

Dear he is to Christendom, but especially dear to France and to Ireland. For, when our last great tribune, O’Connell, broken-hearted through seeing the misery of his people—famishing with a famine which he could not alleviate, and which was rejoiced in by those who could—when he died in a foreign land, who beneath the lofty arches of Notre Dame pronounced a deathless eulogy upon his deathless name? None could have been chosen more suitable to the duty than he who so lovingly performed it—the great Dominican. Who shall describe the scene? Let us borrow for the occasion the words of one not likely to be too partial—those of the Rev. Cyrus M. Field, an American Protestant minister, and editor of the “New York *Evangelist*.” “The great Irish orator,” he says, “had died a few months before, while on his way to Rome. His remains were brought back to Ireland, and, as it happened, I landed in Dublin the day after the long funeral procession swept through the streets. You could not talk with a common labourer without seeing that the loss weighed like a pall upon the sensitive Irish heart. It created also a great sensation throughout Catholic Europe. Was not O’Connell at once a devout believer, and the most intrepid champion of his country’s rights? Had he not died on his way to Rome, where he was going as a pilgrim to receive the Pope’s benediction on his departing soul? At Paris, it was fixed that a grand funeral-service should be performed at Notre Dame, and that Lacordaire should pronounce his eulogy. All Paris was in expectation. I went to the cathedral at nine o’clock in the morning, and although the service was not to commence until one, the nave was already crowded. The pulpit and columns were hung in black. We waited four hours, when the organ in the high gallery began to tremble, and Lacordaire ascended the pulpit! Such a figure I had never seen in the pulpit before. Tall and slender, his ghostly appearance was heightened by his being arrayed in a long robe of white flannel, the dress of the order of the Dominicans, to which he belonged, with a monk’s cowl,” (the hood of) “which was thrown back, and showed his hair close-cut, and shaven on the crown of the head. As you looked at him you could hardly realize that he was a being of flesh and blood. He looked like a figure of some old monk which had stepped down from the dark ages, rather than a living man in the middle of the nineteenth century.

But it soon appeared that that meagre frame was animated with the intensest life. The organ ceased, and the audience hushed into breathless silence. The discourse which followed I will not undertake to describe. It was incessant chain-lightning. His utterance was rapid and vehement, pouring forth like a torrent words which made every ear to tingle. For a time, the audience bowed before it, as to the rush of a hurricane." The writer concludes his enthusiastic article in these touching words: "Lacordaire of the burning heart and flaming tongue is gone to the grave. Bowed is his tall and reverend head; hushed is his eloquent voice. He has passed beyond the region of doubt into the clearer light of eternity. We shall not hear him again; but as I read the announcement of his death, I cannot but recall the scene of fourteen years ago, and once more see before me distinctly that long, white figure, standing in the pulpit of Notre Dame."

Lacordaire was born, towards the beginning of this century, in a provincial town, where his father was the physician. His mother was a pious and amiable lady. Those were the days, however, when Voltairianism infected the upper schools, and Lacordaire lost his faith, among the self-styled "philosophers" of the day. He entered the school of law, and advanced to the bar, still a deist. He was in politics a liberal and somewhat of a republican, but cherishing liberty in order and tolerance—a hater of licence and excess. He, indeed, throughout his life was,

Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He loved man sincerely, earnestly desiring his elevation. Liberty, fraternity, and equality were then the watchwords of many ardent spirits. To a man of reflection like Lacordaire, it soon was clear that true freedom was not attainable in the world, because man was subject to his own ignorance, to that of others; to his own evil desires, and to those of others. He is a slave, made free only when he perceived, accepted, and acted upon those truths whereby Christ, through his mystic body, the Church, makes man free. Then only has his reason its free and full development, signally dignified. Then, also, and then only, he can obtain fraternity; here every man is looked upon as made in the image of God—the poor and sick are cherished, because what is done to them is done to the Divine Saviour. With fraternity, equality must be, and is, exemplified by thousands living together with possession of goods held in common for themselves and those in want. Here men are honoured according as they serve God through man: the high-born gentleman or lady becomes a brother of charity, or sister of the poor. The poorest man may be a saint, honoured supremely over the mightiest conqueror. And a bond of love, which death cannot break, unites in communion the living and the dead—the living of the present age, and the living of past centuries, since the beginning. Before these great truths, Lacordaire felt the nothingness of deism; with him it was impossible to remain in an illogical position. He could not perceive a truth superior to what he held, without possessing it. He could not feel the

emptiness of deism without being a Catholic, and being a Catholic he became a priest. He studied at St. Sulpice, in 1824, was ordained a priest in 1827; in 1828, he was appointed almoner to a convent; in 1829, almoner to a college. In becoming Catholic he gave up none of his liberal convictions. "I desire not," he said, "to lose, in becoming a Christian, those ideas of order, justice, and a strong, legitimate liberty, which have been my first conquests. Christianity is not a law of slavery. It has not forgotten that its children were free when the world groaned beneath the fetters of so many horrible Cæsars, and that it created under ground a society of men who spoke of humanity beneath the palace of Nero. . . . The Church has spoken of reason and of liberty when the most sacred rights of the human race were threatened with a universal shipwreck." In 1830, Lacordaire came before the public in the pages of *L'Avenir*, ("The Future.") It had been started by the Abbé de La Mennais, after the Revolution, in order to unite French Catholic opinion with liberal progress. Its motto was, "God and Liberty." "I had come from Ireland," writes Count de Montalembert, recording his first meeting with Lacordaire, "where I had just seen O'Connell, at the head of a people whose invincible fidelity to the Catholic faith had wearied out three centuries of persecution, and whose religious emancipation had just been conquered by liberty of speech, and a free press." M. de Montalembert might have added, "and by the firm attitude of a people, whose resolution caused the Duke of Wellington to say, that he advocated emancipation through 'fear of a civil war.'" Lacordaire was then "twenty-eight years of age," continues the count; "he was dressed as a layman, (the state of Paris not allowing priests to assume their distinctive dress), his tall and slender form, fine and regular features, sculpturesque brow, the already sovereign bearing of his head, the dark, sparkling eyes, and a certain air of loftiness and elegance combined with modesty in his whole demeanour—all this was but the tabernacle of a soul ready to overflow, not only in the free combats of public debate, but in the unrestrained confidence of home-life." One of his first articles in the "Avenir" was to vindicate the freedom of the Church against State interference. A man who had rejected her teachings during his life, and separated himself, by his own will from her communion, had died at Aubusson. Nevertheless, the sub-prefect had demanded that the parish priest should make a mockery of religion, and receive the body into the Church, and accept him dead who had refused her living. It evidently was her duty not to do it: she is responsible only for her own: if the dead man were a Protestant, let Protestants bury him—if a State-worshipper, let the State lay him in the ground. Not so reasoned the sub-prefect. He broke in the doors of the church. "Your brother has done well," wrote Lacordaire, addressing the priests of France; "he has acted as a free man, as a priest of the Lord, resolved to keep his lips pure from servile benedictions. Woe to him who utters blessings against his conscience; who speaks of God with a venal heart! woe to the priest who murmurs lies beside the grave! who leads souls to the judgment of God through fear of the living, and love of a vile recompense! Your brother has done well. Are we

the grave-diggers of the human race? Have we made a bond with it to flatter its corpses; more unfortunate than court parasites, to whom their king's death restores the right to treat him as his life deserved. Your brother has done well: but the creature of a proconsul thought that so much independence was not becoming in so vile a citizen as a Catholic priest. He commanded the corpse to be brought before the altar, should even violence be necessary to bring it there, and to break open the doors of the temple, wherein dwells, under the safeguard of our country's laws and liberty, the God of all mankind, and of the majority of Frenchmen." Our readers will perceive the sharp sting of the sarcasm in the last three words. He proceeds to contrast the security of the sub-prefect's home, guarded against arbitrary power by the will of thirty millions of men, with the insecurity of the house of God thus outraged by him. In another article he developed his thoughts concerning liberty. Power no longer went hand-in-hand with the Church, but liberty remained, and he blessed God for it. "Blessed be God! for having created man a being so elevated that might vainly conspires against his intellect, and whose thought is judged by thought alone." He feared not that evil would conquer truth in the strife, or that truth was so weak as to need the succour of absolute power. It were unfortunate if it were so, for the aims of absolute power were always selfish. "Was it by the aid of absolute power that Christianity was established, that the heresies of the Lower Empire were vanquished—that the Arians of the West were converted—that the philosophy of the eighteenth century falls into dust to-day? No; persecuted Truth has triumphed over Error powerful and protected—such is history. And to-day we are informed that if truth be reduced to combat error, by itself, freely, on fair ground, all is lost! Fools! there is but one proof needed to show that all is not false, an illusion of the mind—it is that Something which has been hated from the beginning, fettered from the beginning, wounded and bleeding from the beginning, has yet triumphed from the beginning over all human obstacles, and that Something, you think it will perish through freedom! Many men have wagged the head in passing before the Crucified, but I swear to you that I have met none in history, whose blasphemy is equal to yours. You know not the Galilean. Trust me, we should leave to those whose only faith is in the princes of this world, the hopes of servitude. Let them cry out that all is lost if the press be free, and plunge themselves into lamentable consequences, when their only choice will be between the destruction of order and that of reason. These are the children of a day, who have as yet seen no eclipse, and who wring their hands, invoking, I know not what gods. As for us, travellers from of old upon the earth, let us not be troubled by so little; and with the crucifix upon our breasts, let us pray and strive: days do not kill the ages, liberty does not kill God." With such views Lacordaire took a hearty part in public life for the good of his country and freedom. Circumstances more than once occasioned his presence before the courts. One day the king's advocate said that, "Priests were the ministers of an alien power." Lacordaire answered, "We are the ministers of one who is alien no-where—of God."

The people, rather hostile to the clergy, suddenly admiring his truth and boldness, cheered him, crying out, "Priest—father, what is your name? you're a brave man!" But he soon found a wider arena. Some articles in the *Avenir*, rather rash, and intemperate in tone, (afterwards regretted,) caused a state prosecution against Lacordaire and De la Mennais. It was concerning the nomination of bishops by the king, Louis Philippe. They did not desire that the civil power should have that privilege, lest it might abuse it, and promote un-vigilant shepherds. It was our revolt against the *veto* of the English king; but not for the sufficient causes which united Irish Catholics as one man, to protect the freedom of the hierarchy. Lacordaire defended himself. "I arise," he said, "with memories which will not quit my soul. When of old the priest arose in the midst of the people, something which inspired deep love in all hearts, arose with him. To-day, accused though I be, I know that my name of priest is mute to defend me, and I am resigned. The people despoiled the priest of that ancient love they bore him, when the priest despoiled himself of an august part of his character—when the man of God ceased to be the man of liberty." After speaking of the reasons which caused him to become a Catholic, and then to become a priest, he said, "Permit me to rejoice at it, gentlemen; for I never knew liberty better than when I received with the holy anointing the right to speak of God. The universe opened before me, and I understood that there was in man something inalienable, divine, eternally free—speech! The word of the priest was confided to me, and I was told to bear it to the extremities of the world, without any one having the right to place a seal upon my lips, not for one day of my life." It is a great thrilling address from this beginning to the conclusion, when, after showing that he had exercised his freedom for the sake of his country and truth, he said: "My duty is done. Yours, gentlemen, is to send me forth absolved from this accusation; it is not for myself I ask it. Two things alone impart genius—God and the dungeon. I ought not fear one more than the other. But I ask my acquittal as a step towards the alliance of faith and freedom, as a pledge of peace and reconciliation. The Catholic clergy have done their duty, they have cried out to their fellow-citizens, they have sent them words of love—it is yours to respond to them. I ask it, in order that subaltern despots, revived corpses of the empire, learn in the depths of their provinces that there is also justice in France for Catholics, and that they can be no longer sacrificed to old prejudices, to the hatred of an age gone by. There it is, gentlemen. I propose to you the acquittal of John Baptist Henry Lacordaire, because he has committed no crime—because he has conducted himself as a good citizen, because he has defended his God and his liberty—and I shall do it all my life, gentlemen."

They were acquitted amid the applause of the people. Another question arose—the great question of freedom and education. The charta of 1830 had promised to provide for it with the least possible delay. It was not being done. The University held the monopoly of education, and exercised its power imperiously. The parish priest of Lyons had been instructing, gratuitously, some choir-children; the University agent there had

ordered him to cease. Lacordaire, De la Mennais, and Montalembert seeing that "liberty not given, must be taken," determined to open a free school in Paris, and give the University the chance of grappling with men, not children. It was opened on the 1st of May, 1831. Lacordaire, in a few firm words inaugurated it. Next day a policeman appeared to drive them out. "In the name of the law I summon you to depart," was his salutation. "In the name of your parents, whose authority I have, I command you to remain," was Lacordaire's reply. The children unanimously cried out, "We will remain." Then the police drove out pupils and masters, with the exception of Lacordaire, who declared the school was his house, and he would stay there all night, unless driven forth by violence. "Leave me," he said, "I remain here alone with the law and my rights." He only gave way to the policeman's hand. They were brought before a court and fined £4, after a most telling speech from Lacordaire. Twenty years later the right of free education was conceded. However, their journal had, by its bold and often rash course, aroused questions and discussions among Catholics, lay and clerical. The philosophic system of De la Mennais' did not please them, and had few charms for Lacordaire himself. De la Mennais' was a mind not satisfied except with extremes. At first he advocated the absolute power of the ruler, now he was an extreme "ultra-montane," as the word was understood in France, and the French clergy were somewhat gallican—somewhat jealous of such laudation of Rome. The expenses of publication of various works caused the editors to suspend their paper. They left for Rome, to refer the questions in controversy to the decision of the Pope. La Mennais had been there before, and been received with great kindness by Leo XII., the former Pope. Arrived at Rome, Lacordaire composed the brief memorial of the facts, asked for. After some time given for consideration, Cardinal Pacca wrote to De la Mennais, that the Pope, whilst doing full justice to their services and good intentions, had not been pleased to see them stir up controversies and opinions, at least perilous. Then they were presented to the Pope, who received them with the familiar kindness which was natural to him. Lacordaire's reflections in the calm of Rome, amid the monuments and ruins of many ages had almost taught him to expect, and coincide in the decisions come to. De la Mennais was over fifty; age had not tempered his love of extremes or obstinacy. His self-love was wounded. After having asked advice, he did not wish to take it. They retired from Italy into the country, to Chesnaie, where Lacordaire tried to influence De la Mennais to resignation. But he brooded continually over his reverse, not seeing that it had been a glory if they had returned "vanquished but victors of themselves." It is needless to recall how De la Mennais plunged into the extreme of radicalism, and saw nothing in governments but a vast conspiracy against the peoples; one absolutism he gave up, but only to advocate another. "The misfortune of M. de la Mennais," wrote Lacordaire to a friend, "is not so much in his haughty character, in his little instinct for human or divine affairs, as in his contempt for the pontifical authority, and for the dolorous position of the Holy See. He has blasphemed Rome in

her day of sorrows; it is the crime of Ham." But he ever nourished a loving compassion for him, while condemning his errors. He answered his "Words of a Believer," by "Considerations on the Philosophic System of M. de la Mennais." One extract we may make: "Truth is not an auxiliary always sufficient to re-establish the equilibrium of forces; otherwise error would never triumph over truth. There must, therefore, be in the world a power to sustain the weaker intellects against the stronger, and which delivers them from the most terrible of all slaveries—that of the mind. That power, indeed, came to my help; I did not deliver myself—it delivered me. Arrived at Rome, at the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul, kneeling down, I addressed God: 'Lord, I begin to feel my weakness, my sight grows dim; error and truth both escape me; have mercy on thy servant, who comes to thee with a sincere heart; hearken the prayer of the poor.' I know not the day nor the hour, but I saw what I had not seen, and I left Rome free and victorious. I have proved by personal experience that the Church is the deliverer of the human mind; and, as from the freedom of the intellect all others necessarily follow, I perceived in their true light the questions which divide the world to-day. Yes, the world seeks peace and liberty, but it seeks them on the road of trouble and serfdom. The Church alone was their spring-fount for the human race, and alone in her bosom, lacerated by her children, she preserved the sacred and inexhaustible milk thereof. When the nations shall be weary of parricide, they will find there the treasures they no longer possess. Wherefore, the priest shall not mingle in the sanguinary and sterile quarrels of his age; he will pray for the Present and the Future, unweariedly; he will predict to contemporary generations, that outside the truth there is no peace—no liberty possible. He will understand that the more agitation possesses men, the more is that peace which reigns upon the brow and in the heart of the priest, a thing of power; the more anarchy is among men, the more is the unity of the Church, a thing of power; the more men are strong in seeming, the more the exterior weakness of the Church, which lives by the might of God alone, is a thing of power; the more the age prophesies the death of Christianity, all the more glorious will Christianity be one day, when time, faithful to eternity, will have swept away this proud dust, which does not suspect that to be something in the future one must be something in the present; and that nothing leads to nothing. The priest, in short, will be like the Church, disarmed, peaceful, charitable, patient—a traveller who goes about doing good, and is not surprised to be misunderstood by time, for he is not of time. O Rome! 'twas thus I saw thee. Seated amidst the storms of Europe; there was in thee no doubt of thyself, no weariness; thy look turned to the four quarters of the globe, followed with sublime clearness the development of human affairs in their relation to things eternal; only the tempest which left thee calm, because the spirit of God breathed in thee, gave thee in the eyes of one of the faithful, less accustomed to the variation of ages, something which made his admiration compassionate. O Rome! God knows I misunderstood thee not, for not meeting at thy gates abased sovereigns; I saluted thy dust with ineffable joy and respect;

thou didst appear to me as thou truly art—the benefactress of mankind in the past, the hope of its future, the sole great thing alive to-day in Europe, captive of a universal jealousy—queen of the world. O Rome! one of thy children, to whom thou didst restore peace, returned to his country, has written this book. He lays it at thy feet, as a proof of his gratitude; he submits it to thy judgment as a proof of his faith.” Lacordaire, then, retired from public, or rather political life, not from weakness, but from a courage too strong to be led away by transitory and sterile discussions. He sought to acquire, in the discipline of retirement, might to follow up his highest aspirations. Let it not be supposed that the retirement meant seclusion in his chamber. On his return to Paris, in April, 1832, he found it afflicted and terrified by the cholera. Prejudices against the clergy still existing, the administration refused the noble offers of aid from the archbishop. Clergymen could not pass through the streets in their usual dress. Lacordaire, however, dressed as a layman, passed all his days in the cholera hospital, along with two other priests in like attire: they were tolerated because their heroic charity commended respect. He had some ideas of seeking the curacy of a rural district; but the archbishop, known for his paternal kindness, did not wish to lose him. He appointed him almoner, or chaplain, to the convent of the Visitation; here his mother came to live with him, and in his arms she died. At that time lived in Paris, admired, not more for her brilliant mind than her saintly life and character, Madame Swetchine. This venerable lady felt for him almost as a second mother, and a bond of friendship was established between one who was passing from a life she adorned, and one who had before him a brilliant future. At the foot of Mount St. Genevieve he lived, passing his days in prayer and labour, in charity and solitude, in a peaceful life, known only to God and a few friends of his heart. There his soul and mind grew full of power, as of peace, and love. He declined several offers; one, that of the editorship of the *Univers*, another of a professorial chair at Louvain. “We can do nothing without solitude,” was his axiom; “man has always his hour, it suffices to await it, and do nothing against Providence.” His hour, indeed, came. His first sermon was delivered at St. Roch, in 1833, but he failed: he, who seventeen years later, was to be the greatest preacher in the world, dissatisfied himself, and disappointed his friends. He recognised the fact, but hoped one day to do service to God, in some labour consecrated to youth. His hope was fulfilled: in 1834, he was invited to preach for the students of Stanislas college, and was successful. But some conservative, old-fashioned minds did not like his style or matter; he was treble denounced to Rome, to the government, to his archbishop. The latter could not refuse to hear those denunciations, and suspended the conferences. Lacordaire felt that though obedience may sometimes be difficult, when it is done as an act of submission to God’s will, it will be recompensed, for He knows best what man needs. He chastens His beloved, purifies them through many fires. So Lacordaire had pursued but a short time longer his peaceful, retired chaplain life, when it was suddenly interrupted. The archbishop called him to preach the Conferences in the cathedral of Notre

Dame, to the assembled Schools of the metropolis. This had been occasioned by the representations of the law-students, headed by Ozanam—that beautiful character, whose name in Ireland we scarcely recognise, but whose work is in each of our cities—for he was the originator of the societies of St. Vincent de Paul! In 1835 and 1836, Lacordaire delivered from the classic pulpit of Notre Dame, the fifteen Conferences on the Church, which are so celebrated, and were only surpassed by those of Toulouse, in 1854. He conciliated the French mind with religion, for he showed them that one of her indestructible truths was her love of true freedom; it she cherished—for it she had suffered from the beginning. “One day the archbishop, arising from his episcopal seat,” says Montalembert, “gave him, in presence of the immense congregation, the title of the New Prophet. After the Lent Lectures of 1836, feeling the need of silent labour and solitude, he retired from his glorious position, despite the remonstrances of his archbishop. Five years later he appeared therein, dressed in the white Dominican robes; mature reflection had shown him, that the greatest service he could do France, would be to restore her religious orders. There was a prejudice against them, fostered quite naturally by those who had seized their confiscated properties. Do an innocent man an injury, and you will feel obliged, before the world, to prove that the fellow deserved the outrage; you must vindicate yourself at his expense—either that or make reparation, which few think of. The other is so easy! Government, at first timid about interfering with the personal liberty of a subject, when that subject was so popular as Lacordaire—even though a monk—grew gradually more restless, at the vision of men, passing through the breach made by Lacordaire, to take the liberty of becoming monks. Protests, and even threats, began to emanate from it. Therefore the new archbishop, Affre, despite its remonstrances, boldly established Lacordaire in the great cathedral, there to address tens of thousands, and present, in person, the right of a monk to live in the land. That position he held, with how much glory need we say? till the *coup d’etat* of 1851. His archbishop fell on the barricades whilst endeavouring to make peace, and the death of that loving, venerable old man re-echoed through Europe, attracting everywhere unanimous admiration. Father de Ravignan, the great and eloquent Jesuit, replaced Lacordaire in the pulpit, when the latter preached elsewhere. They were two stars of divine oratory. In 1848, Lacordaire saw the French Republic established, and hailed it with joy and confidence. Appropriate to the time, some Catholics established “The New Era;” with them he associated himself. He was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, without having solicited the honour. The sight was seen of the white monastic robe, and tall form of a friar, amid the representatives of a people, among whom, some years ago, such an appearance would not have been tolerated in the streets. After a time, he resigned, feeling that he would do more good in other ways. In 1849, 1850, 1851, his eloquent voice was heard again in Notre Dame. In the latter year his soul had forebodings, and while yet nothing menaced the serenity of the sky, he bade a most touching farewell to the sacred walls of Notre Dame, to the altars

which had blessed him, to the multitudes who had listened, and in whom he had renewed a divine life. That was in April; the *coup d'état* was in December. After that he never ascended the pulpit of Notre Dame; and the last time he spoke in Paris was in February, 1863, in St. Roch—the church of his first attempt and failure. “*Esto vir*” was his text: “Be a man.” He devoted his sermon to the obligations of Christian manhood, and spoke so freely that his words were looked upon as a voice of liberty, heard in dangerous times, against the strong imperial hand. In 1854 he delivered six conferences at Toulouse, and announced his intention of continuing them. But his upright heart had not been able to conceal its lament for a nation deprived of public life, manliness, and freedom. It became necessary for him to be silent. He had to renounce public speaking, and though called upon by a deputation of two hundred students of the various faculties to resume, he declined in a touching address. In his “*Life of Father de Ravignan*,” he gave his reasons. “I disappeared from the pulpit, through a spontaneous fear of my liberty, in an age which had all its own no longer.” On his death-bed he said, “I understood that in my thought, in my language, in my past, in what of my future remained, I, also, was a liberty, and that my hour had come to disappear with the others.”

Lacordaire, chief of the Dominican order in France, who had commenced his public life as the advocate of freedom, especially of freedom of education, was consistent till his death. His last years, from 1854, were given to the great college of the abbey of Sorèze, of which he was the beloved director. He desired to form a new generation strong in religion, strong in freedom. An English Protestant writer of Oxford, Matthew Arnold commissioned to enquire into the French schools, as compared with the English, recounts his visit to Sorèze. After giving a brief sketch of his life, he proceeds: “He consigned himself (after the Conferences of Toulouse) to the labour and obscurity of Sorèze. One of the great consolations of my present life,” he writes from Sorèze, “is that I have now God and the young for my sole companions—the young with their fresh spirit, as they intuitively feel the presence of a great character, so, too, irresistibly receive an influence from souls which live habitually with God. Lacordaire received me with the greatest kindness. He was above the middle height, with an excellent countenance; great dignity in his look and bearing, but nothing ascetic; his manners animated and every gesture and movement showed the orator.” He then speaks of the many advantages of the college over the formal government Lyceums. In Sorèze, particular care was taken of the physical education as well as the mental. Lacordaire showed him a stud of twenty horses, to teach the boys to ride, halls of fencing, and gymnastics. “Twice a week,” adds Mr. Arnold, “all the boys used to turn out, with Lacordaire, upon the mountains, to their great enjoyment, as the Sorèze people said, the father himself being more vigorous than any of them. I staid for prayers,” he continues, “they were very short and simple; and I saw the boys disperse afterwards. The gaiety of the little ones, and their evident fondness for

the *père* (father) was a pretty sight. As we went out of chapel, one of them, a little fellow of ten or eleven, ran from behind us, snatched, with a laughing face, Lacordaire's hand and kissed it. Lacordaire smiled and patted his head." He says, he thought of this incident when he read the other day in Count de Montalembert's book, the latter part of this extract, from the account of his last hours by Father Mourey. During his sufferings, he said: "It may be that some strain of self-love has insinuated itself among my actions, but it is unknown to me: it seems to me, indeed, that I have always desired to serve God, the Church"—his voice failed, then, more firmly, he proceeded: "And our Lord Jesus Christ—I have also loved, oh, how dearly! children and young people: but could our dear Lord reproach me with that?" He loved youth, and served it well. He directed the minds of all to the true hierarchy which he had evolved and defined, whose grades were "honest men, honourable men, magnanimous men, heroes, saints," the latter including all the preceding. He preached for them every week, and, in his last days, truly said: "If my sword be be grown rusty, gentlemen, it has been in your service." His efforts were given to form a generation strong in soul, in character, in individuality—a generation distinguished for Christian manliness, vigour, love of God and freedom. His name is known the world over, and has a shrine in all hearts. The French academy elected him one of their forty members. His epitaph is in the phrase of a peasant woman, one of the twenty thousand mourners of his death. "*Abien un roy, l'abion perdut.*" "We had a king, and we have lost him."

His last words were: "My God! open to me, open to me."

COLUMBA.

SIDE SCENES OF A STORY.

THE WINTER SEA.

"A KEEN night," messmate," cried a sailor, who, having finished his look-out-watch in the tops of a large vessel, which was sailing through a snowy winter space, far out at sea, had descended the slippery ladders, and, as he entered the fore-castle cabin, where a wood fire burned cheerily in the stove, paused for a moment to shake the white wreaths of frozen cloud from his garments. "If we were sailing into the latitude of old death, it could scarce, methinks, be colder."

"Aye, aye," returned the other, as he crammed some splinters of wood into the fire, and hauled over a block, as a seat for his comrade—"wind dead from the north this week past; I don't recollect harder weather at this season, many a voyage as I've made; come, take a pull," handing him a black leather bottle of brandy, "and thaw your blood, lad."

The other, after taking a pretty stiff drink of the cordial, returned it to his friend, with a brave, jocund smile, saying, as he placed his tarry hand on that portion of the frame which had become the reservoir of the

spirit—"Ho! by the mess, that makes me feel hot as the tropic under the belt; with a good store of Nantz, all weathers are the same—Greenland differs little from Jamaica." Then, when he had bent over the fire a while, to take the numb out of his fingers, searching in his breast he drew therefrom some object, which he held toward the heat.

"What have you there?" asked his friend, who, with arms folded, bent drowsily over the stove.

"It's a land-bird," the young sailor answered, "which, just before I came down, struck against the top in the thick drift of snow, and fell at my feet; it is nearly dead, and no wonder, at this distance from shore."

"This bodes luck to the ship, and some of us," said the elder sailor, with superstitious gravity; "keep that bird aboard until you touch shore; and if you, lad, don't return with a full purse to Genoa—mark me—you may henceforth reckon my wit of no more account than a rope's end or bit of sea-drift—hark! there rings the midnight watch," he added, as the bell sounded on the deck overhead—"it's almost time to turn in."

The two men are still silently bent over the fire—the one gently holding to the warmth the bird, whose clear, bright eye, now opened, indicated the return of animation, and which nestled with timid confidence in the hand of the sailor—when both were startled by a sudden shock and quiver in the timbers. It was evident that the ship, which had been sailing smoothly over the waters, had struck some object. The next instant both men hurried on deck. It was a calm night; the moon, muffled in cloud, shed a dim light over the dark rolling ocean, across which, to the south, the last snow-cloud, which, in passing, had thickly whitened the decks, and which hung on the large, scarcely-filled foresails and rigging—was slowly vanishing. Several of the sailors, leaning over the stern, bent their gaze on something which floated whitely in the wake of the vessel.

"It's a raft," cried one—"the fog and snow shower was so thick, you couldn't see a foot before us when the ship struck it."

"There seem figures on it, too," said another, taking the telescope from his eye.

Here the voice of the captain, who, aroused by the concussion, had come on deck, was heard, ordering the helm to be put about, and a boat to be got ready; in an instant the ship swung round to the wind, with flapping sails, and the men lowering a small barge down the side, and having procured a lantern, jumped in, and pulled swiftly toward the raft, which was already several hundred yards away in the wake of the vessel.

The sea-night was death cold, and the spray passed in freezy drifts by them, as they plied their oars all the more vigorously as they perceived another snow-storm approaching; the air grew dark, and the great white curtain of advancing cloud was already covering the waves with abundant flakes, when, after some ten minutes of hard work, they reached and sprung upon the raft.

"Now, then, my lads," cried the mate in command, "there is little time to lose, for should the snow floe continue, we may perchance lose the ship—bear a hand."

The raft was thickly covered with snow, except at the edges, where it had been washed off by the beating of the waves. While one of the men carried a lantern, the other vigorously cleared away the white covering with an oar, and in a little time laid bare three dead bodies. The mate, who by this time had jumped on the raft, taking the light, inspected them in succession.

The first body was that of a man in the dress of a common sailor, who lay sidelong in the attitude in which he had fallen into benumbed sleep.

"Poor fellow, a sad death, men," exclaimed the mate, as with his foot he scraped away the snow from the second corse, which was that of an old man, in a dark, rich dress, who lay on his back, his long hair frozen to the plank. His keen, aquiline face, sharpened by famine and death, wore an eagle-like expression; and while the high, heavy-browed forehead indicated intellect and calculation, lines of suffering were traceable on the face, which wore an expression of a calm despair and a calmer disdain. Like the other corse, the body was attenuated to the last extreme of emaciation, and the flesh, here and there marked with green and livid tints, testified that, under conditions of cold so preservative, many days, perhaps, had elapsed since he breathed his last, in the wintry, watery solitude.

"This old man was a countryman, an Italian, or I'm mistaken," said the mate, making his way to the other end of the raft, where several water-casks had been lashed together in a sort of semicircle, above which a roof of some boards had been placed. As one of the sailors rapidly removed the snow, which lay thick around, giving the structure the appearance of a snowy cave, a female dress soon became visible, and presently the light of the lantern fell upon the countenance of a young woman, singularly beautiful, her face white as marble and pure in tint, served to show that her death had occurred much later than that of the two other occupants of the raft. Her dress was rich, and several jewels glimmered on her neck and hands, which, as she lay on her side, seemed still clasped in prayer.

"Heaven rest her soul!" cried the two sailors together—"poor thing, a sad sea death she has had."

"Look to these boxes," cried the mate, who, as the snow continued to fall heavily, appeared anxious to return to the vessel; "let them be carried into the boat, they may contain some account of the ship to which these people belonged, and also of themselves."

The two sailors were actively engaged in removing the chests and boxes referred to, which formed one of the walls of the shelter in which the dead body of the lady, for such she seemed, lay, when one of them uttered a cry,

"By G—, here is a child, and warm, too," he exclaimed; and the next instant the light of the lantern fell upon the face of a pretty little girl, some four years old, who, thickly rolled in woollen clothes, had been cradled in the most sheltered part of the rudely extemporized house in which the lady's body lay.

The excitement created by this unexpected discovery was so great, that the men who remained in the boat leaped upon the raft, and with wondering faces bent over the child, each desirous to assure himself of the fact of its being still alive.

"See," said one, pointing to a pile of bread and a couple of flasks of wine which had been secreted in the spot where the child lay, "they were not altogether without food."

"And yet the woman is dead!" said another. "Aye, the mother starved herself to preserve the little one. Heaven help us, this is the saddest sight ever I met with!"

As he spoke, a gust of wind came sweeping over the sea, almost blinding them with its whirling drifts of thick snow, and at the same instant, a gun from the ship sounding, signalled the order for their return.

"Wrap the child close," cried the mate, "and carry her aboard, we will save her at any rate. Are the boxes stowed in the stern?"

"Aye, aye."

"Sit to your oars then, and pull back heartily, men."

Then the sailors, after casting a last pitiful glance at the dead bodies, struck vigorously across the wild waters, and soon the floating sepulchre on which they lay disappeared on the waste, hidden in the cold phantom veils of the snow drift.

Presently they heard the voices of their messmates calling to them, through the white, blinding gloom, and after a little, the yellow glare of the torches, which they held over the stern of the vessel, streamed upon them; then the mate, carefully grasping the child, ascended the ladder; the men, after lifting on deck the boxes taken from the raft, quickly hauled the boat to the bulwark, and the helm being put to the wind, the vessel with swelling sails pursued once more her course through the bleak wintry night.

When the little girl was brought to the cabin, a number of the crew crowded to see the visitor who had been thus portentously rescued; the wife of the captain tended her with affectionate care, and under the cheering influence of warmth and restorative cordials administered, the little one who had hitherto lain motionless in a sort of benumbed sleep, finally opened her eyes. At first a low cry escaped her, then looking round with piteous bewilderment, her first words were, "Where, ah, where is my dear mother?"

The good wife of the captain, whose tears broke forth at the query, had no reply. "I will be a mother to you, my pretty one," she said; presently, the little girl, who had been sobbing sadly, overcome with exhaustion and the warmth of the fire, sunk to sleep.

"This is the strangest thing ever happened to me," said the captain, "many a voyage as I've made." He had been meanwhile looking over the papers contained in one of the boxes carried from the raft, and as he read, added:—"I find the vessel in which the people sailed, was the *Tinorio* of Venice, and if I can judge by a hasty glance at the documents in the chest, the name of the parties to whom they belonged, was *Mocenigo*. To-morrow we shall learn more, meanwhile, wife, take the child to the

hammock;" and the captain, after calling his mate, and enquiring the course and speed of the vessel, tossed off a glass, and turned in for some hours.

The next, and for many succeeding days the ship encountered a continuance of hard weather, so severe that the captain had no leisure to examine the documents enclosed in chests discovered on the raft. The Captain's wife, whose care had already restored the child to health, was, however, much struck with a small miniature which the little one wore round her neck, and which she could not be induced to part with for a moment, saying it was the picture of her mother, a fact to which the sailor who had observed the face of the dead lady, testified.

The ship, meanwhile, was, rapidly approaching the coast of Europe, when one stormy dawn, shortly after the man at the mast-head sighted Gibraltar, a sudden commotion took place among the crew, a portion of whom, stationed in the fore-castle, was anxiously gazing on a vessel which appeared rapidly bearing down upon them, and which, from its appearance, they conjectured to be a Barbary pirate, a supposition which was, indeed, quickly verified. In less than an hour this dark craft had already gained upon them so much that they could distinguish the crew, and presently, as a shot from one of its fore-guns came tearing through the rigging, the captain, hastily mustering and arming his men, prepared for action.

The wind and sea were so heavy as the corsair hove to near the merchant vessel, into which they poured a volley of musketry, that for some time its crew seemed dubious as to whether boarding was practicable. The waves were running mountains high, and the approach of one ship to the other being thus attended with equal danger to both. An hour elapsed, during which the two crews, sheltering behind the bulwarks, poured a straggling fire into the respective vessels. After an interval, however, the pirate captain perceiving a large ship, evidently one of war, advancing, though still at a considerable distance, gave the order to board. This, however, was no easy matter, and a long interval elapsed before he could bring his vessel in contact with his opponent. At length the grappling irons were thrown out, the ships swung together, and four of the pirates, holding their swords in their teeth, flung themselves desperately on the deck of the merchantman.

At this crisis, a shot from the vessel of war caused the pirate captain to order his men to bear away. The ships were once more separated, and the corsair crowding every sail, swept swiftly away on the wind, leaving the few men who had boarded fighting with the merchant crew, by whom they were in a little time shot down. All, save one, a boy of some fourteen years of age, who had been one of the first to spring on the merchant vessel's deck, and who was spared by its men, partly in admiration of the courage he had exhibited, and partly from his youth.

During the voyage to Genoa this young Ganellon, being interrogated by the captain, informed him that he had been stolen away by a corsair from the neighbourhood of Genoa, while yet a child, and that he had been held in a sort of imprisonment in the house of a sea rover, at Algiers, until about a year before, when he was compelled to join the crew of the corsair

vessel, which they had so lately encountered. He furthermore stated that his original name, for he had assumed a Musselman title while in Barbary, was Ganellon Montuellas, and that he was related to a noble family in Genoa, whose last representative, an uncle, by whom he had been cared from an infant, he now believed to be dead.

This lad soon lost the fierceness of disposition which he had gained from his association with the corsairs, and became a great favourite with the captain and his crew, but still more with the little child who had been saved from the raft, whom he would play with for hours. It happened, that one sunny day, as they were nearing Genoa, while pretty little Giacinta was chasing Ganellon about she chanced to fall, and on his lifting her up, the little miniature she wore slipping from her breast, Ganellon gazed at it and enquired whose it was. "My mother's," she said, her eyes filling with tears.

"It is like a dream to me," said the boy, "that I once saw a lady whom that picture exactly resembles—a lady in Venice it was whom my father brought me to visit."

GENOA.

Fifteen years have elapsed since the occurrence of the events narrated in the preceding chapter.

The scene is in the neighbourhood of Genoa, amid whose sea-side hamlets the summer festival of the *Villeggiatura* is being celebrated. It is nearly sunset, the rose and golden light streaming down the fortress-topped, purple summits, and vine-clad declivities of the Apennines, glows brightly in a valley whose wooded sides extend to a pleasant tree-arched road leading to the waters, where the youths and maidens of the hamlets round are dancing. A few cabins of fishermen, with doors and windows draped in orange, and brown nets drying before them on the sandy mounds, rise along the level beach under the precipitous walls of rock with which it is skirted, between whose white cliffs, here and there, the verdure appears descending like an emerald cataract. Afar off, toward the city, a village of white houses, with their square towers and roofs of red tile, green latticed windows, and verandaed porches glitter gaily in the clear air,—before them a few vessels lie stranded, whose masts, crossed by lateen sail yards, give them the appearance of a flock of dark gigantic birds, perched on the sea-side over their prey, with wings extended. The waves roll in indolent luxury upon the heavy marge of yellow sand which skirts the little bay, along which are strewn fragments of antique ruins—here a few mossy arches, once the support of a Ligurian villa, maychance, and near them, in the waves, a little distance from the shore, an ancient granite tomb, draped in marine weed, now islanded by the subsidence of the land. To the west, the prospect is terminated by one of the wooded promontories which jut from the Cornice Road, and southward spaces the superb deep azure level of the Mediterranean, speckled by a few feluccas, hovering like sea gulls, on the airy line of the horizon.

As the sun sunk in the goldened west, and the moon rose over the waters, lighting the waves, tinging the masses of foliage along the shore with airy

radiance, Ganellon and Giacinta, who had been enjoying the festal scene in the valley, and who had wandered toward the beach arrived at a place on the cliff, where a little grotto opened, thickly shaded by orange trees, and trellaced with odorous bergamot shrubs. The lovers paused.

"Here let us rest, dear Giacinta," said Ganellon, "and talk together, far away from the merry folk yonder, the music of whose flutes and tambourines come pleasantly softened from yon moonlighted valley.

A pause ensued, during which the voices of the revellers in the leafy vale beneath came clearly audible on the still transparent darkness of the warm, breathless night.

First Voice—"A merry dance! come, let us rest a little, and drink to our sweethearts in a cup of moonlit wine!"

Voice—"Cease, Battista, I prefer the bank to rest on; better use your knee in praying, sirrah."

Battista—"What! for your love, pretty Juliana—so: does this please you?"

Voice—"For your sins, wicked one—here, then, settle my chaplet which your awkward dancing has disarranged."

Battista—"Wilt thou not give me a kiss, Juliana?—what say you? When the sun rises in the west. Well, at least, touch my cup with those rosy lips and sweeten the wine I drink to you."

Girl's Voice—"Here, tie up my hair, Gambista."

Gambista—"Joyously: you have danced such a veil of ringlets about you, that I can scarce see the bright eyes that have set my heart beating so."

Girl—"Hands off, or you will set my hands beating as well."

Old Shepherd—"Come, gather, gather, boys and girls, under the broad sycamore here, for Fonsica, already tuning his lute, is about to sing us one of his pleasant ballad songs."

Fonsica—"Tis well, each girl rests by her lover, the moon shines bright, and the cascade yonder will serve as an accompaniment to my voice, as I sing you the story of Alema, the Vallambrosa shepherd, who in old days wooed and wedded the lady of the castle. Are you ready?—silence then, (sings):—

"Alema was a shepherd swain,
A handsome youth was he,
Who whiled the summer nights amid
His flocks with minstrelsy;
One eve, while playing by a stream,
A lady fair as Dian's beam,
That lit her face, sweet as a dream,
Stopped for a space to list his strain,
And pleased, returned again, again;
For it was love which formed his theme,
Love, youths and maidens, love,
That lights the earth and skies above,
Heavenly love."

It chanced that—

Here the lovers began to converse.

Ganellon Trebandillo is a tall, handsome man, of some thirty years of age, whose cheek bears the dusk impress of many a tropic sun, his dress is of rich dark velvet, gold mounted pistols glimmer in his belt, beneath his short cloak, and under his slouche brimmed conical hat, a profusion of coal black curls stream on his broad shoulders. Giacinta's face, which is one of rare Italian beauty, is partially hidden in the gauzy drapery of the graceful *mezzara*, which, covering her raven hair, streams around her waist.

"What strange associations this scene awakes," at length said Ganellon. "It was on the shore of yonder headland that, when a child, one evening a boat's crew of five of old Oglan Medjid's corsairs, seized and carried me away to Barbary."

"And how strange and terrible the event which first brought us together," said, Giacinta, her face paleing at the recollection of her tragic childhood—of the raft on the desolate sea, and of the dear dead, who found a watery tomb in its depths."

"Yet not unhappy in its consequences, beloved girl, as, trust me, the future will show. Ever since our first meeting, your image has dwelt in my heart, and during the years which have elapsed, my sole ambition in the battle of life has been to create a happy home for you, whose love has been the guiding-star of my life. Thanks to fate, I am now wealthy, my ship is one of the best of Genoa, and after our marriage, a few more voyages will enable me to quit the sea."

Giacinta bent her head on his shoulder, and held his hand, and in a pause which ensued, their hearts beat happily. As a gust of wind, heralding the night, rose from the main, rustling the foliage around them, as Ganellon drew her cloak closer around her, he caught sight of the little portrait she wore, as he held it tenderly in his hand, she said, "By the way, dear Ganellon, I have something strange to tell you. You recollect the chest which was taken from the raft?"

"Aye!"

"Well, for many years, while I was at school at Pisa, it has lain unlocked in the house of the good captain, in whose ship we were saved. Yesterday, however, I examined it, and among other papers found a singular document, which appears to be the will of a Countess Mocenigo, of Genoa, in which, strange to say, she bequeathes her estates to a lady of the same name as my mother."

"This is indeed singular," returned her lover, "you must look over it to-morrow; who knows what luck is in store for my pretty Giacinta."

SCENE—THE TAVERN.

The scene is in Genoa. It is a dark October night, and the towers' clocks have just chimed the hour of eleven, through the murky sky of cloud which domes over the city, faintly illuminated by the glare of its partially-lit streets. In the gardens and tree-skirted roads, which extend

from the suburbs to the neighbouring rural regions, the leaves lie thick, emitting faint odours of decay, as the light air rustles the dead heaps. In the city, however, a complete calm prevails, and as some belated citizen hurries from the country along the road-way by the great burial ground, and those of the few scattered churches in that direction, he is conscious of a dry, mortuary odour, as that emanating from open tombs, and dusty aisles, and gloomy vaults, rising on the windless air of this rank night of late autumn.

In an antique street, running to the suburbs, at one end of which a great cathedral throws the shadow of its lofty windowed walls and great tower, there is an old wine tavern, where, late as it is, several persons are collected. An oil lamp, hung in the dusty window, throws a dim light on an incongruous collection of bottles of all shapes, some long-necked, after the giraffe pattern, others of apoplectic build, suggestive of spicy liquors with which they had once been freighted, from, maychance, some harbour of Antwerp and Amsterdam, but the greater number are flasks containing the wine of Italy. Great barrels of wine are ranged at the back of the bar, which reeks with vineous aroma; and a few dark-eyed figures still lounge by the counter, chatting with the buxom bar-woman, as they drain their last glass, while others stand at the door-way, under the withered vine by which it is hooded, conversing together ere betaking themselves to their homes for the night.

In the large tavern-room adjoining the bar, some people are still to be seen. In one corner appear two figures of men, cloaked and hooded, who, conversing in a hoarse, inaudible tone, gazed at each other with gloomy, ebrious eyes, which are occasionally lightened with a devilish flame.

Seated by the expiring wood fire, were a young Italian, poorly dressed, and an aged man, evidently from his dress—a robe and cap of faded crimson—an official attached to the neighbouring cathedral. The old man, who speaks with an air of impotent dignity, leaning on his staff, has been maintaining a drivelling monologue for some time, undisturbed by his companion, a sallow-complexioned, dark-eyed youth, who has listened, with an appearance of deep respect, the while he has been partaking of the wine with which he has been treated. At length the important, very old man, knocking with his staff dictatorially on the floor, and calling the hostess, orders her to bring his young acquaintance, Ziani, another glass, and himself a small cup of brandy and sugar, adding to himself, that it is good for the reins this autumn season. Then Ziani, after drinking the old functionary's health, in a deeply respectful manner, brings round the conversation to what appears to be his favourite topic:—

"Per Baccho, how many a great burial you must have seen in your time, Master Gozi!"

"For five and sixty years, sir, I've had the honour of superintending the last rites of the noblest in Genoa, and of having their remains, sir, under my care and dominion," said the important very old man, raising his thin gray eyebrows with feeble pride.

"It is a great office, master, and very different from mine. To be

sacristan to St. Ambrose, and sexton to the poor church of Domana—ah, the difference is as great as the size of the two churches.”

Old Gozi chuckled impotently, and taking a sip from his cup, and wiping his beard with a trembling hand, he threw himself back in his chair, and said :—

“Yes, Ziani, my lad, talent and time have raised me to my present proud position. Your duties still deal with vulgar clay, while I—ho, ho—well, never be disheartened, Ziani, a day will come when you, too, will rise—will rise, sir—perchance”—he added, with a sudden break in his voice; “when I sleep yonder.”

“It will be some—many years till then, master,” returned Ziani, as he gazed at the maudlin old man, who seemed inclined to weep for his own death. “But to return to what we were speaking about. I suppose, master, you know the history of all the great people who occupy the vaults yonder? Eh?”

“Ha, ha—the history—aye, marry, that I do, sir—the history of the proudest blood of Genoa;—that was—blood, sir, which had spouted at Pavia, and been shed at Lepanto. It is my favourite walk of a day among the coffins of the noble heroes and warriors and merchant citizens yonder, whose epitaphs date five and six hundred years back. Some of the coffins are now, indeed, mere dust—a touch would scatter them. There is the Duke of Ferrombocies, who fell at the siege of Cyprus. It was but yesterday, surveying it with my lantern, I saw thrust through the mouldering wood the noble skeleton arm which had cleft down scores of Turks in its day. There, too, sir, I could show you the tombs of the Canaros and Zamellas, who combated for the republic in the Ottoman wars and in the Crusades. The Morcenegos, also, who fell in the wars between the Carrari of Padua and the Genoese—a race now extinct. There, too, is the tomb of the Countess Mocenigo, whose beauty caused so many assassinations in her youth, two hundred years ago; and of the last whose funeral I remember.”

“It is, indeed, a great position, Signor Gozi, to have such magnificent remains under your guardianship,” said Ziani, as he drained his glass, and indicated a desire to have it refilled, which was done. “I have heard, master, the Countess of Mocenigo had a marvellous splendid funeral.”

“That she had, her coffin is still fresh with gold and purple,—the finest velvet, sir, made specially for her to be buried in.”

“And that she was interred with all her jewels—I wonder was that the case?”

“Jewels, sir—ha! ’tis like she may—yes, many noble dead are said to have been so—jewels, (a pause,) ’tis like she may.”

Just as old Gozi spoke of the jewels, the two dark figures at the distant table, after exchanging meaning glances, appeared suddenly overcome with the liquor they had been drinking; for they presently dropped their heads on the table, and listened.

After old Gozi had dismissed his young comrade with patronizing garrulity at the tavern door, he betook himself along the windy street to the small house which he occupied in the neighbourhood of the church of

St. Ambrose; but, as he toddled along, muttering to himself, behind, in the dim night, the two cloaked figures might have been seen to track his footsteps, and to stop stealthily while he knocked and entered—

"You heard him talk about the lady that was buried with her jewels?" said one.

"Did I not? and more, mark me, he is thinking of making them his own," muttered the other.

"We must watch him," said the first cloaked figure, "and see when he enters the vaults; to-morrow I shall get a lodging opposite his house, and keep him under my eye."

Here a strong gust of wind, whirling round the corner of the strada where they had stopped, caused them to pause a moment, after which, with a glance at old Gozi's house, where through the casement a light was seen ascending the stair, they turned, and stealthily departing, were soon lost in the gloom of a narrow street.

THE VAULTS.

It was a night about a week after the old sexton and his comrade Ziani had indulged in the above tavern chat, about the great dead folk who occupied the vaults of the church of St. Ambrose, in which a midnight service was being held.

The bell has just chimed twelve above the roofs of the streets in the neighbourhood, most of whose occupants have retired to rest. A faint beam glimmers from a window which rises over one of the side chapels of the aisle, around whose altar a few figures are bent in worship. At intervals the music of the organ rolling forth the verses of a hymn in solemn, low-toned harmonies, is the only sound which moves the stillness of the night in that dark, melancholy quarter.

The moon, struggling through the thick low clouds now rounding to the west, has thrown the side of the cathedral fronting the street into deep shadow, and its pale struggling beam already slants, adown the other, whose buttressed casements turn toward a space of ground, half an orchard, half a burial-place, where the figure of an old man, with a lantern in one hand and some iron instrument under the other arm, enters a small, seldom-opened door, which is half hidden beneath the ivy-topped walls, and leaving it ajar in his haste, hurries along a tree-shadowed path, which terminates in a small flight of steps, at the bottom of which a low iron door opens into the vaults.

Here arrived, and sheltering the lantern with his trembling hand, he inserts a rusty key into the lock, and after an effort, which seems to have required his utmost strength, pushes it forward, and enters.

Arrived within, he stops; trims his lantern, and advances into the gloomy chambers;—now along a wall, in whose niches ranges of coffins in all stages of decay, rest in tiers;—now through a pillared passage, intervalled by black marble sarcophagi and iron-railed tombs, looming indistinct in the faint taper light, which, though burning dimly in the dusk, heavy air of this underground region, affords passing glimpses of stone

figures, erect or recumbent, on various monuments—of sculptured crests and warrior arms, and engraved epitaphs and inscriptions, some fresh, some indistinct with charnel exhalation, and sweating with earthy dampness.

Old Gozi, [coughing]—"Uch, uch, uch! how close the vault feels to-night, just as though my dead friends here had sucked the life out of the air. But let me see—the coffin of the countess should be hereabouts—aye, here it is, an inch-thick—lead, too, I'll be sworn, [*trims the light.*] Now, Gozi, my friend, Gozi, comes your turn to see whether this corse be buried with the jewels ramour talks of; aye, now is the time. But, [*glancing round,*] how fearfully silent this place seems, so familiar to me by day, and how yonder statue of Admiral Zaccari seems to frown—frown 'till your marbles crack, thou angry effigy; so thou descendest not. And now, Gozi, a drain to nerve thy sinews and summon thy strength to perform the necessary office—lie there, light."

(*Takes a bottle from his pocket and drinks: then seizing the iron crow, strikes at the lid of the coffin.*)

Gozi—"So it gives way; turn thou back, heavy roof, and let's see the adornment of the house, and what sort of flesh inhabits it, [*takes lantern.*] A goodly corse, in soothe, and well preserved—ha! a jewel on her forehead, and by your leave, linen wrappings—and two precious bright diamonds they are—on her fingers; ha, ha, the noble lady seems tricked out for a dance of death, though, by my fay, her hand would turn to bone in her partner's the first round—its dust comes away in mine, [*pausing*] Hark! what sound is that?—aye, its the organ—remove, grave clothes. What! speakest thou true, gossip? aye dost thou; for here is a casket—ha, ha, a precious casket!

(*Overhead, voices singing.*)

"Cœleste pulset ostium,
Vitale tollat præmium,
Vitemus omne noxium,
Purgemus omne pressimum."

As he is opening the casket, a masked figure, advancing quickly up the vault, clutches Gozi by the throat, and hurls him down.

Figure—"Not a breath, Gozi, or my dagger is through thy heart."

Gozi—"Spare me, spare me, good gentleman—an old man, an old man, master, occupied in his official duties."

Figure—"Ha, ha! silence!" *seizes the light and looks into the coffin.*

(*Overhead, voices singing.*)

Ne mens gravata crimine
Vitæ sit exul manere
Dum nil perenne cogitat
Seseque culpis illigat.

Figure—"Diamonds and caskets, this is a lucky chance. Breathe not, Gozi, or you are a dead man. Come here, sparkling ring—it just fits my

finger, and here is another which will suit to a nicety, that of my mistress, Benadetta. What, old carrion, you thought to plunder this noble corpse unobserved, did you? What wouldst thou have done with —— eh?—*per Dio*, what a bracelet, all Golconda is here; and here is a portrait, and here, a roll of writing, psha!—and here—

A noise—Watchmen enter the vault, accompanied by Ziani and Ganellon, who approaches pistol in hand.

Ganellon—"What scoundrel thieves are here? you, Gozi, and you, what masked man's that yonder—a bravo?"

Figure—draws and rushes on Ganellon, who fires.

Ganellon, (advancing to coffin, and inspecting the portrait.) "A portrait! strange; why this is the duplicate of that my Giacinta wears, and a manuscript, it begins, too, like that we took from the chest to-day, and is in the same handwriting? Yes, I see the Countess of Mocenigo bequeathes her estates to her niece, Giacinta Mocenigo, should the latter never return from a voyage, on which she has set out to Peru, to visit her mining property, accompanied by her uncle, Julio, banished for political offences. At the end, what is here? "a duplicate of this instrument is lodged in the state office." Enough, fortune smiles; come, friends, help me to relid this coffin; remove yonder body, and let the watch take old Gozi till the morning, when all here attending this strange affair will be examined—so;—lock up the vaults."

L'ENVOY.

The legal investigations, which were immediately commenced by Ganellon, quickly brought to light a series of facts, which may be briefly summarized as follows:—

Some fifteen years previous, a Count Paolo Mocenigo (brother of the countess of that name,) being exiled from Italy for his connection with a conspiracy against the government of Venice, had taken ship for Peru, with the intention of working a mining property in that region, which had been bequeathed him. Paolo, who had lost an only son, who, while yet an infant, he having been stolen away by a Barbary pirate vessel, was accompanied on the expedition by his widowed niece, Giacinta, and her little daughter—all of whom were shipwrecked in the Southern Atlantic, where they perished, with the exception of the latter, who was saved on the raft, as narrated. The Countess Mocenigo, who, as appeared by her will, had dictated that her estates should, at her death, devolve upon her brother, Paolo, and, at his decease, upon her niece and her child, died shortly after the latter had quitted Italy; and, for a long period, no claimant appearing, her estates had been held in trust by the government of Genoa.

Young Ganellon, whose meeting with his cousin, little Giacinta, had taken place under such singular circumstances, had, after his rescue from the hands of the corsairs, and his arrival in Italy, engaged for many years in a life on the sea, during which he finally rose to the command and ownership of one of the largest merchantmen of the port of Genoa. During this interval, however, he never lost sight of little Giacinta, whom he caused

to be educated at Pisa, and whom he never failed to visit on each return of his vessel from the series of eastern voyages in which he was meanwhile engaged. Thus, as the girl grew up, the friendship entertained by the young people, one for the other, soon developed into a warmer interest and affection, and they were on the point of being wedded, when the series of events, which led to their knowledge of their relationship, and that which they bore to the deceased Countess Mocenigo, whose estates they in time became possessed of, came to light.

Not long after, the marriage of Ganellon and Giacinta took place, and a great feast was given by them in the Mocenigo palace, in Genoa. After hours passed in noon-day revel, and while the carriage was in readiness to waft them, through the sunset, to a leafy rural villa, some leagues from the city, Ganellon rose to return thanks to his guests for their attendance, and, with a cup of wine in his hand, and pointing the while to an antique statue of Fortune, which, fronting one of the casements, shone in the golden light of the west, said, laughingly—glancing the while at his beautiful wife :—

“Yet, ere we separate, you, my friends, will join me in pouring a libation to yonder goddess, whom the sculptor seems to have imaged with such appropriate reference to our lives. You see, she holds a cornucopia in her hand—you see, a Cupid rests at her feet, and although she seems blindfolded”—

“She has for once raised her veil, when smiling on our generous host and hostess !” cried the revellers.

CUTTING THE LEAVES OF A CHRISTMAS VOLUME.

DUMB with cold, the December sky domes over an island valley, which, shielded by a league of woodland toward the north, opens on either side of its tree-shadowed road, dotted here and there with farm and cottage, into a plain, whose pure white undulations reach away to a long snow mountain range, which stretches thence many a mile, until the summits look far over the desolate waste of sea. The sun, shining with the cheerful sadness of diminished warmth southward, has reached the highest point of his lessened wintry arc, and already dispelled the snow fog of the morning—so soon again to gather. The blue zenith is cloudless, nor does any shadow invest the air, save when, far away, a towering tumult of vapour, crisp and superbly white, surging dome over dome in the west, extends its frozen promontories over the line of the invisible ocean. Hushed is the wind which had moaned over the landscape the preceding night, blowing before it, ever and anon, the thick, soft snow-fall, which, veiling the surrounding scene in white, lies in drifts on the skirt of the woodland, whose great trees on one side appear buried to the waist in white—and whose white leafless arcades roof out the sky at the turn of the road, by the bridge and many other places. Hushed is the wind, but the air, nipping and chill,

frozen into immobility, would seem, but for the sunshine, like the breath of death—which it will resemble a few hours hence, when mournful darkness shrouds in the world. Few signs of life are seen in this rural, wintry space; the sheep are in the pens, the kine in their stalls; here and there, some housewife in the hamlet street, sweeps the snow from before her porch; sometimes a cart, laden with wood, comes, drawn by its noiseless-footed horse, down the road, cheered along by the voice of its driver, who now and then stops to beat the numb out of his hands. From the marshy meadows away, the sound of some fowler's gun startles for a second the sullen calm—and now, perchance, are heard the voices of some group of urchins, in the frosted fields, laying snares for birds; and now the boisterous cries of some group of skaters on the hard floor of the river, and the swirling ring of the iron shoe, cutting the surface of the ice. For the rest the land is silent as it is white; the very birds are dumb, save, maychance, some robin, which, perched in a snowy window, still twitters plaintively for food.

The cottage, occupied by Eugene and his sister, Eithne, stands in a pretty nook on the old tree-lined road,—at some little distance from the valley-hamlet, under the high, sheltering woodland. The windows are draped with snow-covered honeysuckle, its porch is thickly hooded with ivy, which, trailing down a couple of steps, winds itself round the base of a few Greek figures in plaster, which sentinel the approach from the garden, and round a little frozen fountain, which stands before the study window—for Eugene is a student, and delights to surround himself with classic associations, and feels it pleasant sometimes, looking from his room, piled with books, to evoke some dream of an Egeria, resting on her graceful vase, in the twilight, outside the casement; or of a morning, sitting at the porch, to educate his taste by the pure outlines of Grecian sculpture. A small orchard lies at the rear of the cottage, surrounded by high walls, overlooked by solemn poplars, and intervalled here and there by some rose-tree thicket or arbour—grateful retreats, in summer time, for reading and meditation. There, too, Eithne has her carefully tended garden, where all sort of shrubs and flowers are cultivated; there the crocus lifts its golden head above the brown mould, in dewy beauty; there the rose and carnation scent the air when the July bee hums in the heat; and in the barren days of winter, the chrysanthemum, clustering its faint hued flowers, fills her chimney vases with a solitary memory of the leafy season that is gone.

It is the day before Christmas, and to Eugene and his sister, the approaching festival brings with it a feeling of unwonted sadness, for their mother has died some few months before, and it is the first they are to pass by themselves. To-day, while the noon sun shone upon the cold earth, wrapped in the snowy winding sheet, they have visited their dear friend's tomb, in the little grave-yard on the adjoining hill, and after some time passed in silent prayer, have extended their melancholy walk into the arcades of the adjoining wood, where the snow lay heavy on the branches, and the sunbeam cast faint blue shadows over the frosty carpet; where the

birds hopped chillily from twig to twig, chirping their unfrequent song of want and cold; where the dead leaves lay in drifts at the foot of each-tree, and around the margin of the grassy pool, (where on summer days they had so often sat and read,) whose clear icy surface now reflected the cold blue sky, amid the shadows of the last few yellow leaves which still clung to the overhanging branches. Sometimes a group of rosy faced children passed them, laden with glossy ivy, which they had gathered to deck the cottage walls and hearth. Sometimes a poor woodlander, similarly laden, trudging his snowy way to the distant town, to dispose of his evergreen merchandise. Here for an hour they wandered, speaking little, silently wrapped in sad, sacred memories. Soon the red sun sunk into the fog, as dusk deepened, a chiller air began to breathe, and already a few icy stars gleamed above the rose-frosted cloud along the west, when pacing quickly in the pale gleam of the snow, they reached their cottage.

Some hours later, when the curtains were drawn close in the book-strewn and pictured parlour, the hearth swept, the tea-board decked, and when the fire burned crisply in the clear air, while Eithne sat by the hearth, occupied with her work, Eugene brought forth a volume of poetry which had arrived from town that day, and beginning to cut the leaves, read from time to time to himself, a few of the compositions which appeared to strike his fancy or engage his feeling.

Presently, Eithne growing impatient to hear the voice of the new singer, asked Eugene "what he thought of his verses."

"They are, as far as I can see, chiefly of a melancholy and reflective cast," he said.

"Read some of them, dear Eugene," asked his sister, "nothing is more agreeable than a pleasing sadness, you recollect Beaumont's lines:—

"There's naught in this life sweet,
Were we but wise to see't,
But lovely, melancholy,
Oh! sweetest melancholy."

While she spoke, a cricket in the chimney-side began to chirp an intermittent song, which, to the fancy, seemed to image by turns, its sense of the chill shivering winter season, and the delights of a snug hearth corner on such a night. Eugene listened for a moment, and said, "I cannot make a better beginning than by reading a couple of verses, in which I see an allusion to our little sooty Troubadour friend yonder, especially as his song tinkles an appropriate prelude."

"Read," said Eithne, "you recollect Beranger's charming verses, *Le Grillon*."

"Well," answered Eugene, "never did the gay bard sing with more homely grace, the philosophy of a contented simple life, and the meditative delights of a peaceful fire-side.

Au coin du feu tout deux à l'aise,
Chantant l'un par l'autre egayés,
Prions Dieu de vivre onbles,

Toi dans ton trou—moi sur ma chaise :—
 Petit grillon n'ayons ici
 N'ayons du monde aucune souci.

“ But here are the verses I spoke of—they are entitled :—

NATURE'S KEY NOTES.

When on the level summer seas,
 The air scarce puffs the pinnace sheet,
 And silent droop the full leaved trees,
 By shores and fields of rough green wheat ;
 When cottiers earth their rows of peas,
 And in the turf-land spade the peat,
 And drowsy hum the honied bees,
 By heather stretches hazed in heat,—
Tchu chu! tchu chu!—the bright day long,
 The gay Grasshopper shapes his song.
 When barnward roll the yellow loads,
 And lads in haggarts pile the sheaves,
 And rivers swell with mountain floods,
 And whitely crisp the frost cloud heaves,
 When drear the scattered sunset bodes,
 O'er stubble fields when twillight grieves,
 And folk pace by October roads.
 To evening fires, 'mid falling leaves,—
Chi chirp! chi chirp!—beside the hearth,
 The Cricket cheers the dusk with mirth.

When he had ended, Eithne asked her brother if the verses he had read did not remind him faintly of one of Shakespeare's songs—“ When all aloud the wind doth blow, &c.”—“ Yes, a little,” he said ; “ but, while more definitely artistic, it is less naturally artistic. In Shakespeare's poetry, indeed, as his Perdita says of her grafted flowers—‘ The art itself is nature’—But let's see—here is another poem, which conveys a lofty moral, in an allegoric dress” :—

ITUR AD ASTRA.

One night, when the red moon was low,
 Three Students neared a mystic shrine,
 Upon whose altar, magians know,
 There stand three urns of magic wine.

‘Twas in a desert, long untrod,
 This sombrous ruin reared its form,
 Star-pinnacled, with wings as broad
 As night-clouds of the thunder swarm ;
 And still the vengeance of a God
 Hung o'er its gloom in wreaths of storm.

Three days had passed since human face,
Saving their own, those students hailed ;
And relics of a mighty race,
Before whose meanest, man had quailed,
Lay scattered round. They quickened pace ;
'Twas midnight, and the moon's light failed.

They entered by a porch of art ;
Within, as if a mighty river,
Arose a swooning sound. Apart,
In the aisle, three lights were seen to quiver ;
Ambition fired each separate heart,
For Pleasure, Fame, and Life for Ever.

There shone three chalices of gold,
Carved by an art to man ne'er given ;
With starry foam, one bubbled, cold
As frost-rain ;—one like ruby river,
Or woman's lips when love is told ;
And one flamed with a fire from heaven !

They chose. One raised the sparkling vase ;—
At every quaff it seemed the colder ;
Glorious he grew to human gaze,
Bright as the sun to each beholder ;
A god-like fire illumed his face,
But soon his heart began to smoulder.

The Second feasted lip and eye
Upon the vase's roseate treasure,
Flushed to the brow, his heart beat high,
He quaffed it in a luscious leisure ;—
Soon pausing—ah ! th' exhausted sigh,
The tastelessness of too much pleasure !

Then came the Third—his eager soul
Out-pouring through his radiant eye—
Breathless as one just reached a goal—
Sublime as one ne'er born to die,
He grandly quaffed the flaming bowl,
And passed—into Eternity !

"But where are the melancholy verses you spoke of?" enquired Eithne—"show me the volume, for I see you are looking out for poems of thought rather than feeling—here, for instance, is one which seems sweeter and sadder than either of the above—entitled, 'A Lament'—shall I read it?"—"Certainly, for if it strikes your feeling, it must be natural, and hence good poetry," Eugene said. Eithne, then bending her sweet, pale face over the volume, read the following verses, in a clear, musical voice, which hesitated a little as she gave utterance to the final couplets :—

LAMENT.

The hills are lost amid the thickening haze,
And heavy plod the cattle o'er the plain ;
Along the woodlands strike the dismal rays,
Along the river reeds the wet wind sways,
And all the windy west is ridged with rain :
Night falls ; while toward yon lonely rift of blue
I gaze, and think, oh, vanished soul, on you !

Oft to some gloried sphere of spirits afar,
Where, 'mid th' infinite deeps of Being and Light
The great Creator centres like a star,
Where round his throne the lost eternal are,
My lonely fancy wanders through the night,
To draw His love upon thy life by prayer,
To image Heaven, and deem me near thee there.

I move thy chair before the fire, and crown
Thy picture with fresh leaves ; and in its light
Imagine me thou still art smiling down
When earth's at rest, and through the poplars brown
The moon looks o'er the rainy roofs at night :
So plays my heart with fancy, to restore
The dear old days that come to me no more.

I sit in summer time beside thy tomb,
Happy in being near thee, and unmoved
By present trouble or the future's gloom ;
And as sweet memories my heart relume,
Read by thy dust the dear old books we loved ;—
Happy in living with thee through the past
'Till happier yet I rest by thee at last.

The girl's eyes grew dim, as she ended, for the verses she had just read had touched a chord of feeling, recalling and imaging, as they did, those resources of affection and sorrow in which her bereaved heart had lately found relief. Her brother, seeing the tears start on her cheek, approached her, and kissing her forehead and patting her head with consoling hand, said—"Let us never, Eithne, forget, that though our dear friends be taken from us, the God of love, who gave them to us, is eternally present." "Death will make this Christmas a sad one to us, Eugene," Eithne said, after a pause. "Yet, as time advances, and others succeed, our souls will be conscious that though sorrow be less, love will be more," returned her brother. "Some years hence, all those festivals which rise through the year, hallowed with recollections of those now gone with whom they were once passed, will renew their brightness. Yes, doubly sacred they will rise, with this circle of magic hours, during which our hearts will breathe afresh, and during which we will think of kind old times, that

live but in the memory, and of dear faces that, save in that eternal home of our childhood, visit us no more."

As he spoke, the sound of a prayer bell in the town came ringing, with cheerful steadiness, through the moaning winds and whirling snow-drifts of the cold night, then rounding to the Christmas morn. As this music, heralding associations sacred and joyous to every home in the broad land, broke upon the stillness of the cottage room, Eugene, cutting a new page in the poet volume, and glancing at it said, ere he rose to retire—"One more poem is all we have time to read, for the night waxes late, and as it chances its theme is appropriate to the hour—for it is a Christmas song, and he read:—

CHRISTMAS SONG.

In the dark dawn the prayer-bells are ringing,
Over the level lands in the gloom;
The nuns in the bright-windowed convent are singing—
List! on the wind their voices are winging,
O'er turret and tomb—

"Though the great wintry sun delay,
Beneath the world upon his way,

We fear not,

We fear not—

Christ's spirit fills the earth to-day."

Down the long road, frost-hard and whitening,
Pace the poor folk in the gleam of the snow,
Under the pale dawn coldly lightening,
Toward the cathedral window brightening

Over the sullen levels below:—

"Though hard our lives and dim our way,

From cradle unto tomb," they say,

"We fear not,

We fear not—

Christ's spirit fills the earth to-day."

Bleak rolls the noon through wintry weather,
Crossed now and then by a piteous ray.
Numb stand the flocks on the shoreward heather;
At eve soon the snow-clouds are seen to gather,

While folks by their firesides say:

"What though the storm from the northern bright,

Whirling the gray glared moon from sight,

Begins to moan and blow

With its presage of snow—

Christ's spirit cheers the world to-night."

T. I.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

E. M. Col.

